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MY PRISONS.

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." — Job.

MY PRISONS:

MEMOIRS

OF

SILVIO PELLICO.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1868.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THIS work, which was first published in Italian in 1831, is one of those world-classics, the popularity of which does not seem to be restricted to any one nation or era. Besides the English version, there are three in Spanish, five in German, and fourteen in French.

Widely celebrated as it was while the political ideas for which the author suffered called forth rebuke and bitter persecution from the government in power, the book merits a more extensive welcome, now that those ideas have become the inspiration of awakened Italy; now that the despotism of Austria, in her last Italian stronghold, has collapsed and passed away; now that the flame has been kindled that is not likely to be extinguished till the last vestige of an ignominious serfdom has been consumed. Surely this is the

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moment to revive, with more honor than ever before, the remembrance of those heroic spirits who spoke a word for Italian independence, when so to speak was to incur the risk of the dungeon or the scaffold.

Some time in the autumn of 1836, it was my fortune to make the acquaintance of Piero Maroncelli, the friend and prison-companion of Silvio Pellico. It was in Cambridge, near Boston, when, as I passed through one of the walks of the college grounds, I encountered a man on crutches. He was accompanied by a lady of rare beauty and grace. One of his legs had been amputated above the knee; and he wore no artificial substitute. Only a short stump was visible. He was of a somewhat slender figure, of middle height, and with features that had more of the Saxon than the Italian characteristics; for the eyes were blue, and the hair light. His face might have been pronounced homely, but for a certain spiritual animation, and a genial friendliness of expression, which redeemed all that was lacking in nobleness in the outline of the features.

He stopped me, and made some inquiry, to

which I replied. The interview was brief, and I knew not at the moment who the strangers were. Some time afterwards, we met again, and were introduced. They were Maroncelli and his wife. We became good friends after that. In New York I saw much of Maroncelli. I could well understand why Pellico should call him his "much-loved Piero;" for Piero was one to inspire, not only love, but respect. Full of sensibility and enthusiasm, his features, on encountering a friend, would light up with a smile that could radiate only from a sincere and generous nature. He seemed to be just the man towards whom the heart of Pellico must have warmed. He was a poet, too, as well as his more distinguished friend, — a poet, not only by temperament, but in practice.*

* The lines, of which the following is a translation from the pen of Halleck, were written by Maroncelli, while the surgeons who were to amputate his leg were making their preparations in an adjoining room (See "My Prisons," p. 260): —

"Winds of the wakened Spring!
O'er my loved land, my Italy, again
Ye speed with happy wing, —
But visit not my prison-couch of pain.

For April's dewy air,
For smiling May I prayed, but prayed in vain:

Maroncelli, like Mazzini, believed that there was no hope for the people who were destitute of a vital faith in the great ideas of God and immortality. "With us," wrote Maroncelli in 1836, "it is a fundamental principle, that Italy will be enslaved as long as her children are ignorant and selfish; and that ignorance and selfishness will prevail as long as the ruling philosophy is materialism. This destiny which I predict for Italy, I predict for the world."

They came — but could not bear
Their blessing to my prison-couch of pain.

These cold Moravian skies,
That wither spring's first buds on hill and plain,
Fright from my suffering eyes
Her power to soothe my prison-couch of pain.

How many pangs have passed!
How many more must rack me, limb and brain,
Ere the day dawns, at last,
That frees me from my prison-couch of pain!

Blest day! when on the arm
Of mother, sister, brother, deep I drain
The cup of Love, whose charm
Will heal my prison-wounds of grief and pain!

Alas! these dreams of sleep
Break but to rivet my unbroken chain,
And Hope but comes to weep
Beside me at my prison-couch of pain!"

How like is this to the recent utterances of Mazzini! For in Italy the Sadduceeism of Comte and Büchner and Vogt and Moleschott is now making itself widely heard; and the same men who urge upon Italians the duty of shedding their blood for an idea, begin by declaring to them, "There is no hereafter for you; there is even no certainty that the results of your labors will endure: for there is no providential law or design, consequently no possible theory of the future." According to this school, thought is a simple movement of matter ("without phosphorus," says Moleschott, "no thought"); soul is a mere function of our animal organism; and the heavens declare, not the glory of a God, but of Newton and La Place.

Admitting all the physical facts that are claimed by this school, the utmost it can deduce from them is, that the result of matter, organized in a certain way, may be a manifestation of life and mind. But the irrepressible question recurs, Whence came the intelligent Power that could make matter and form conduce to the reception or evolution of these amazing forces of life and mind? "Ah! we need no intelligent Power,"

says the materialist: "there is no force without matter, no matter without force. What you affirm of God, I affirm of matter. It could never have been created, and it can never be destroyed. It has existed from eternity." And thus even the materialist is driven to the admission of an eternal First Cause! The dispute thus becomes narrowed down to the following: This First Cause that produced intelligence in time on our planet, — was it intelligent or unintelligent, matter or God? Can you get out of a thing that which it does not contain? Can you get intelligence, individuality, consciousness, out of any conceivable combination of unintelligent forces? And do not all the analogies of the most advanced science go to assure us, that those "forces," of which materialism has so much to say, in their application to mind, must, though their recipient forms may change, continue to exist, and to exist allied to an organic *something?* The great intuitions of the inner life — God and immortality — remain unshaken by all that the disciples of Comte and Moleschott can produce for the identification of mind with matter.

Of the bearings of the new materialism upon

human rights and popular interests, Mazzini well remarks: "Either we must admit the idea of a God, — of the moral law, which is an emanation from Him, — and the idea of human duty as the practical consequence of that law; or we must admit the idea of a *ruling force of things*, and its practical consequence, — the worship of individual force or success, the omnipotence of *fact*. From this dilemma there is no escape."

It was in opposition to this disastrous materialism that Maroncelli exerted himself from the first; and he felt that its most powerful ally was in the existing absolutism. He was arrested by the Austrian authorities the 7th of October, 1820, six days before his friend Pellico. Of Maroncelli's sufferings, and of the amputation of his leg, made necessary by the rigors of his imprisonment, Pellico makes some mention, both in his Memoirs and in the present volume. Maroncelli came to America with letters from Lafayette and other influential friends. After residing a short time in Boston, he removed to New York, where he died July, 1846. His mortal remains lie interred at Greenwood. His memory will always be associated with that of Pellico, Fo-

resti,* and the other self-forgetting friends of humanity who sowed the seeds of those liberties which Italy now enjoys.

Silvio Pellico, Italian poet and patriot, was born in Saluzzo, Piedmont, in 1780; and died near Turin, Jan. 1, 1854. His taste for poetry was developed as early as his tenth year, when he attempted to compose a tragedy on a subject taken from Ossian. Early in life, he passed several years in Lyons, where he became a proficient in French. Returning to Milan, he became a teacher of youth, and occupied his leisure in studying German and English. Entering the family of Count Porro as a tutor, he there became acquainted with many distinguished persons: with Madame de Staël and Schlegel; Foscolo and Monti; Byron, Hobhouse, Davy, Brougham, Thorwaldsen, and many others. His first production was the tragedy of "Laodamia." It was followed by that of "Francesca da Rimini," which last gave Pellico quite a rank as a dramatic poet.

* E. Felice Foresti, one of the companions of Pellico's imprisonment, emigrated to America after his release, and became a teacher of the Italian language in the city of New York. Subsequently he was appointed United-States Consul at Genoa, where he died in 1858.

Maroncelli relates that it was translated into English by Byron. Pellico had previously translated Byron's "Manfred" into Italian prose.

Of Pellico's dramatic productions, Tuckerman* remarks: "There is often a winning grace of diction, and a nobility as well as refinement of sentiment, in Pellico's tragedies; but they lack the concise vigor and suggestive intensity of his great prototype, Alfieri. . . . . We have been brought into so much nearer contact with his mind, through its less studied and artificial expression, that these writings do not appear to do full justice, or give entire scope, to his powers.

"The interest of his dramatic writings was soon eclipsed by the tragedy of his own life. Let any one compare the formal and prescriptive style of utterance in one of these scholarly dramas with the angelic simplicity and soul-bred pathos of 'Le Mie Prigioni,' and he will realize anew, and most vividly, the difference between the genuine and the conventional in literature. To write from inventive skill and from consciousness, to paint

* See "Biographical Essays, by Henry T. Tuckerman, Boston, 1859;" a work to which we are indebted for all the quotations that follow in regard to Pellico, with whom Mr. Tuckerman had the advantage of a personal acquaintance.

imaginary and real woes, to draw inspiration from the dry annals of the past and from the living, conscious, actual present, — how diverse the process and the result! The genius of Pellico, the very elements of his nature, appear in the record of his imprisonment: there he speaks without art, and from the depths of moral experience; the utterance is childlike, earnest, direct, and therefore inexpressibly real and affecting.

"His articles in the 'Conciliatore,' a Liberal journal established at Milan, occasioned his arrest. The origin of this periodical is due to Pellico, who acted as secretary of the associated writers, comprising some of the best minds of Italy in each department. Pellico narrates the event of his arrest with brief simplicity. But another describes more indignantly the climax of the infamous act: —

"'A young man, pale but calm, surrounded by *sbirri*, descended the Giants' Staircase in Venice, and, crossing the piazza of San Marco, mounted the scaffold. That young man, attenuated, manacled, beside malefactors, was the author of "Francesca;" it was thou, child of Italian genius, dragged to the block between

files of foreign soldiers and of police guards, — thou, Silvio, a lamb of expiation!'

"Thenceforth, until the day of his release, a period of several years, his story is told by himself, in a prose-poem, which the world knows by heart."

The league of the *Carbonari*, to which Pellico and his friends were supposed to belong, was a secret political association formed or revived in Italy soon after the fall of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbons to power, with the resumption of the system of espionage, secret trials, onerous taxes, censorship, and ecclesiastical privileges, under the enforcement of Austrian bayonets. The aspirations of the league were revolutionary, and towards a republic. Its name is from *carbonaro*, a coal-man. Its origin is uncertain, but is said to have been among charcoal-burners, whose occupation offered facilities for secret meetings. The Carbonari adopted charcoal as a symbol of purification, and took for a motto, "Revenge upon the wolves who devour the lambs." The place where they assembled was called the *baracca*, or collier's hut.

"The political offenders of Lombardy in

1820," says Tuckerman, "were subjected to the examination of commissioners notoriously venal and cruel. No opportunity was allowed them to prove their innocence; the slightest pretext sufficed to arouse suspicion; and, when this occurred, the arrest followed. Henceforth the prisoner was allowed no intercourse with his family; his papers were seized, his companions threatened; he was thrown into a slimy dungeon, or under burning leads; allowed only inadequate food; and when sleep, brought on by the exhaustion consequent on these cruelties, came to his relief, he was suddenly aroused at midnight, and urged, while in a state of half-somnolency, to confess, to give up the name of a comrade, or to sign a paper which would prove his ruin.

"Pellico's work is a truthful statement of an individual's experience, under the sentence of Austria for the honest exercise of an individual and natural right. There are no details given of the specific charge, the means used to extort evidence, or the facts of the trial; not a word of invective appears throughout. After the incident of the arrest, we are taken to the prisoner's cell, and admitted to his inmost consciousness; we

hear him sigh, we behold his tears, watch his sleep, listen to his prayers, and become witnesses of the monotonous external but vivid inward life of those years of incarceration.

"The great idea derived from this memorial is, that a man of rare endowments, of the deepest sensibility, of the highest aspirations, and most pure aims, is forcibly separated from the world of nature and humanity, — his sacred birthright, — shut up with felons, invested with the livery of crime, denied communion with books, subjected to the greatest physical discipline and moral isolation; and, although the author of this great wrong is scarcely alluded to, we revert to him, for this very reason, with the deeper indignation, and follow the pen of the generous martyr with more profound sympathy.

"Vengeance could not have imagined, nor wit fashioned, a work so well adapted to operate on public opinion; and yet, so far from being the product of a shrewd or vindictive mind, it is the simple overflowing of a frank and benign spirit; and by virtue of the very resignation, patience, love, and truth it breathes, it became a seal of condemnation to the Austrian government, and

an appeal for the Liberals of Italy throughout the civilized world! Even the censors of a jealous monarch were blind to its latent significance. The priests regarded it as a testimony to the efficacy of their creed; the Royalists thought it the confession of a penitent republican; and the Liberals hailed it as an eloquent picture of the cruelty of despotic rule. But, while thus understood in Italy, the world at large was absorbed in the revelation it afforded, so clear, unstudied, and authentic, of the possible fate of a man of rare worth and genius, who dared to write and act for his country, in the state of Lombardy, and during the nineteenth century."

Pellico was freed by an imperial order the 1st of August, 1830. He was taken to the Piedmontese frontier, and spent the rest of his life at Turin, acting as secretary to the Marquis of Barolo, and devoting himself to study and to letters. He was the author of some seven tragedies. One of his last productions was a religious treatise in prose, entitled "The Duties of Man;" but it will be by the present volume that he will be honorably known to a remote posterity.

EPES SARGENT.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

HAVE I written these memoirs from a feeling of vanity, or desire to talk about myself? I hope this is not the case; and, as far as one may be able to judge in his own cause, I think I was actuated by better motives, — to afford consolation to the unfortunate by explaining the evils to which I was exposed, and the sources of relief which I found attainable under the heaviest misfortune; to bear witness, that, in the midst of long sufferings, I have never found mankind so hopelessly wicked, so unworthy of indulgence, or so deficient in noble characters, as it is customary to represent it; to invite generous hearts to love and esteem each other, and to hate no one, — feeling irreconcilable hatred only towards mean deceit, cowardice, perfidy, and all moral degradation; to impress on all that well-known, but too often

forgotten truth, that both religion and philosophy require calmness of judgment, combined with energy of will; and that, without the union of these qualities, there can be neither justice, nor dignity of character, nor sound principles of human action.

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MEMOIRS OF SILVIO PELLICO.

NARRATIVE

OF

MY IMPRISONMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Pellico's imprisonment at Milan. — Previous visit to his parents at Turin. — Thoughts on Christianity.

ON Friday, the 13th of October, 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and conveyed to the prison of Santa Margherita. The hour was three in the afternoon. I underwent a long examination, which occupied the whole of that and several subsequent days; but of this I shall say nothing. Like some unfortunate lover, harshly dealt with by her he adored, yet resolved to bear it with dignified silence, I leave *la politica*, such as SHE is, and proceed to something else.

At nine in the evening of that same unlucky Friday, the actuary consigned me to the jailer, who conducted me to my appointed residence. He there politely requested me to give up my watch, my money, and every thing in my pockets,

which were to be restored to me in due time; saying which he respectfully bade me good-night.

"Stop, my dear sir," I observed; "I have not yet dined: let me have something to eat."

"Directly: the inn is close by, and you will find the wine good, sir."

"Wine I do not drink."

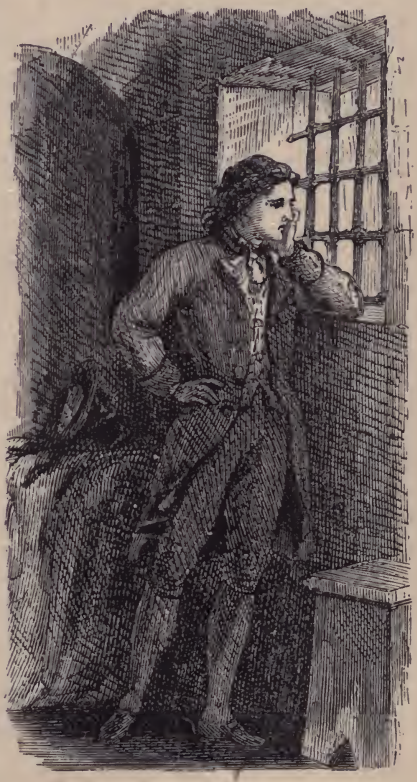
At this announcement, Signor Angiolino gave me a look of unfeigned surprise: he imagined that I was jesting. "Masters of prisons," he rejoined, "who sell wine, have a natural horror of an abstemious captive."

"That may be: I don't drink it."

"I am sorry for you, sir: you will suffer doubly from solitude."

But, perceiving that I was firm, he took his leave; and, in half an hour, I had something to eat. I took a mouthful, swallowed a glass of water, and found myself alone. My chamber was on the ground-floor, and overlooked the court-yard. Dungeons here, dungeons there, to the right, to the left, above, below, and opposite, everywhere met my eye. I leaned against the window, listened to the passing and repassing of the jailers, and the wild song of a number of the unhappy inmates. "A century ago," I reflected, "and this was a monastery. Little then thought the pious, penitent recluses, that their cells would

now re-echo only to the sounds of blasphemy and licentious song, instead of holy hymn and lamentation from woman's lips; that it would become a dwelling for the wicked of every class, — the most part destined to perpetual labor or to the gallows. And, a century hence, what living being will be found in these cells? O mighty Time! unceasing mutability of things! can he who rightly views your power have reason for regret or despair, when Fortune withdraws her smile, when he is made captive, or the scaffold presents itself to his eye? Yesterday I thought myself one of the happiest of men: to-day, every pleasure, the least flower that strewed my path, has disappeared. Liberty, social converse, the face of my fellow-man, nay, hope itself, has fled. I feel it would be folly to flatter myself: I shall not go hence,



except to be thrown into still more horrible receptacles of sorrow; perhaps, bound, into the hands of the executioner. Well, well: the day after my death, it will be the same as if I had yielded my spirit in a palace, and been conveyed to the tomb accompanied with all the pageantry of empty honors."

It was thus, by reflecting on the sweeping speed of time, that I bore up against passing misfortune. Alas! this did not prevent the forms of my father, my mother, two brothers, two sisters, and one other family I had learned to love as if it were my own, — from all whom I was, doubtless, for ever cut off, — from entering my mind, and rendering all my philosophical reasoning of no avail. I was unable to resist the thought, and I wept as a child.

Three months previous to this time, I had gone to Turin, where, after several years of separation, I saw my parents, one of my brothers, and two sisters. We had always been an attached family: no son had ever been more deeply indebted to a father and a mother than myself. I remember I was affected at beholding a greater alteration in their looks, the progress of age, than I had expected. I indulged a secret wish to part from them no more, and soothe the pillow of departing age by the grateful cares of a beloved son. How it vexed me, too, I remember, during the few

brief days I passed with them, to be compelled by other duties to spend so much of the day from home, and the society of those I had such reason to love and to revere! yes, and I remember now what my mother said one day, with an expression of sorrow, as I went out, "Ah! our Silvio has not come to Turin to see *us*." The morning of my departure for Milan was a truly painful one. My poor father accompanied me about a mile on my way; and, on leaving me, I more than once turned to look at him, and, weeping, kissed the ring my mother had just given me; nor did I ever before quit my family with a feeling of such painful presentiment. I am not superstitious; but I was astonished at my own weakness, and I more than once exclaimed in a tone of terror, "Good God! whence comes this strange anxiety and alarm?" and, with a sort of inward vision, my mind seemed to behold the approach of some great calamity. Even now in prison, I retain the impression of that sudden dread and parting anguish, and can recall each word and every look of my distressed parents. The tender reproach of my mother, "Ah! Silvio has not come to Turin to see *us*," seemed to hang like a weight upon my soul. I regretted a thousand instances in which I might have shown myself more grateful and agreeable to them; I did not even tell them how much I loved, or all that I owed to,

them. I was never to see them more; and yet I turned my eyes with so much like indifference from their dear and venerable features! Why, why was I so chary of giving expression to what I felt, (would they could have read it in my looks!) to all my gratitude and love? In utter solitude, thoughts like these pierced me to the soul.

I rose, shut the window, and sat some hours, believing it would be in vain to seek repose. At length I threw myself on my pallet, and excessive weariness brought me sleep.

To awake during the first night in prison is horrible. "Is it possible," I murmured, trying to collect my thoughts, — "is it possible I am here? is not all that passed a dream? Did they really seize me yesterday? Was it I whom they examined from morning till night, who am doomed to the same process day after day, and who wept so bitterly last night when I thought of my dear parents?" Slumber, the unbroken silence, and repose, in restoring my mental powers, had added incalculably to the capability of reflecting, and, consequently, of grief. There was nothing to distract my attention; my fancy grew busy with absent forms, and pictured to my eye the pain and terror of my

father and mother, and of all dear to me, on first hearing the tidings of my arrest.

"At this moment," said I, "they are sleeping in peace; or, perhaps, anxiety for me may keep them watching, yet little anticipating the fate to which I am here consigned. Happy for them, were it the will of God, that they should cease to exist ere they hear of this horrible misfortune. Who will give them strength to bear it?" Some inward voice seemed to whisper me, "He whom the afflicted look up to, love and acknowledge in their hearts; who enabled a mother to follow her Son to the mount of Golgotha, and to stand under his cross, — He, the friend of the unhappy, the friend of man."

Strange this should be the first time I truly felt the power of religion in my heart; and to filial love did I owe this consolation. Though not ill disposed, I had hitherto been little impressed with its truth, and had not well adhered to it. All commonplace objections I estimated at their just value, yet there were many doubts and sophisms which had shaken my faith. It was long, indeed, since they had ceased to trouble my belief in the existence of the Deity; and, persuaded of this, it followed necessarily, as part of his eternal justice, that there must be another life for man who suffers so unjustly here. Hence, I argued, the sovereign reason in man for aspiring

to the possession of that second life; and hence, too, a worship founded on the love of God and of his neighbor, and an unceasing impulse to dignify his nature by generous sacrifices. I had already made myself familiar with this doctrine; and I now repeated, "What else is Christianity but this constant ambition to elevate and dignify our nature?" and I was astonished, when I reflected how pure, how philosophical, and how invulnerable the essence of Christianity manifested itself, that there could come an epoch when Philosophy dared to assert, "From this time forth, I will fill the place of a religion like this." And in what manner? — by inculcating vice? Certainly not. By teaching virtue? Why, that will be to teach us to love God and our neighbor; and that is precisely what Christianity has already done, on far higher and purer motives. Yet, notwithstanding such had for years been my opinion, I had failed to draw the conclusion: "Then be a Christian. No longer let corruption and abuses, the work of man, deter you; no longer make stumbling-blocks of little points of doctrine, since the principal point, made thus irresistibly clear, is to love God and your neighbor."

In prison I finally determined to embrace this conclusion, and I did embrace it. The fear, indeed, of appearing to others more religious than

I had before been, and to yield more to misfortune than to conviction, made me sometimes hesitate; but, feeling that I had done no wrong, I felt no debasement, and heeded not to encounter the possible reproaches I had not deserved, —resolving henceforth to declare myself openly a Christian.

I adhered firmly to this resolution as time advanced; but the consideration of it was begun the first night of my captivity. Towards morning, the excess of my grief had grown calmer; and I was astonished at the change. On recalling the idea of my parents, and others whom I loved, I ceased to despair of their strength of mind; and the recollection of those virtues which I knew they had long possessed gave me real consolation. Why had I before felt such great dismay when thinking of them, and now so much confidence in their strength of mind? Was this happy change miraculous, or the natural effect of my renewed belief in God? What avails the distinction, while the genuine, sublime benefits of religion remain the same?

CHAPTER II.

Pellico visited by the under-jailers. — Conversation. — Piero. — Reading of Scripture. — Reflections. — The little deaf and dumb boy.

AT midnight, two *secondini* (the under-jailers are so termed) had paid me a visit, and found me in a very ill mood: in the morning, they returned, and were surprised to see me so calm, and even cheerful.

"Last night, sir, you had the face of a basilisk," said Tirola: "now you are quite another thing. I rejoice at it, if, indeed, it be a sign (forgive me the expression) that you are not a scoundrel. Your scoundrels (for I am an old hand at the trade, and my observations are worth something) are always more enraged the second day after their arrest than the first. Do you want some snuff?"

"I do not take it, but will not refuse your offer. If I have not a Gorgon-face this morning, it must surely be a proof of my utter insensibility, or easy belief of soon gaining my freedom."

"I should doubt that, even though you were not in durance for state matters. In these days, they are not so easily arranged as you might

think: you are not fool enough to image such a thing. Pardon me, but you will know more by and by."

"Tell me, how come you to have so pleasant a look, living only, as you do, among the unfortunate?"

"Why, sir, you will attribute it to indifference to others' sufferings. Of a truth, I know not how it is; yet, I assure you, it often gives me pain to see the prisoners weep, and I sometimes pretend to be merry to bring a smile upon their faces."

"A thought occurs to me, my friend, which I never had before: it is, that even a jailer may be made of very congenial clay."

"Well, the trade has nothing to do with that, sir. Beyond that huge vault you see without the court-yard, there is another court, and other prisons, all prepared for women. They are, sir, women of a certain class; yet are there some angels among them, as to a good heart. And if you were in my place, sir, —"

"I?" and I laughed out heartily.

Tirola was quite disconcerted, and said no more. Perhaps he meant to imply, that, had I been a *secondino*, it would have been difficult not to become attached to some one or other of these unfortunates.

He now inquired what I wished to take for breakfast, left me, and soon returned with my coffee. I looked steadily at him, with a significant smile, as much as to say, "Would you carry me a bit of a note to an unhappy man, — to my friend Piero?"[1] He understood it, and answered with another: "No, sir; and, if you do not take heed how you ask any of my comrades, they will betray you."

Whether or not we understood each other, it is certain I was ten times upon the point of asking him for a sheet of paper and a pencil; but there was a something in his eye which seemed to warn me not to confide in any one about me, and still less to others than himself.

If Tirola, with his good natured countenance, had possessed a less roguish look; if there had been something a little more dignified in his aspect, — I should have tried to make him my ambassador: for perhaps a brief communication, sent in time, might prevent my friend committing some fatal error; perhaps save him, poor fellow, besides several others, including myself: and too much was already known. Patience! it was fated to be thus.

I was here recalled, to be examined anew. The process continued through the day, and was again and again repeated, allowing me only a brief interval during dinner. While this lasted,

the time seemed to pass rapidly; the excitement of mind produced by the endless series of questions put to me, and by going over them at dinner and at night, digesting all that had been asked and replied to, reflecting on what was likely to come, kept me in a state of incessant activity.

At the end of the first week, I had to endure a most vexatious affair. My poor friend Piero, eager as myself to have some communication, sent me a note, not by one of the jailers, but by an unfortunate prisoner who assisted them. He was an old man, from sixty to seventy, and condemned to I know not how long a period of captivity. With a pin I had by me, I pricked my finger, and scrawled with my blood a few lines in reply, which I committed to the same messenger. He was unluckily suspected, caught with the note upon him, and, from the horrible cries that were soon heard, I conjectured that he was severely bastinadoed. At all events, I never saw him more.

On my next examination, I was greatly irritated to see my note presented to me (luckily containing nothing but a simple salutation), traced in my blood. I was asked how I had contrived to draw the blood; was next deprived

of my pin, and a great laugh was raised at the idea and detection of the attempt. Ah! I did not laugh; for the image of the poor old messenger rose before my eyes. I would gladly have undergone any punishment to spare the old man. I could not repress my tears when those piercing cries fell upon my ear. Vainly did I inquire of the jailers respecting his fate. They shook their heads, observing, "He has paid dearly for it; he will never do such like things again: he has a little more rest now." Nor would they speak more fully. Most probably they spoke thus on account of his having died under, or in consequence of, the punishment he had suffered; yet one day I thought I caught a glimpse of him at the further end of the court-yard, carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulders. I felt a beating of the heart as if I had suddenly recognized a brother.

When I ceased to be persecuted with examinations, and had no longer any thing to fill up my time, I felt bitterly the increasing weight of solitude. I had permission to retain a Bible and my Dante; the governor also placed his library at my disposal, consisting of some romances of Scuderi, Piazzi, and worse books still: but my mind was too deeply agitated to apply to any kind of reading whatever. Every day, indeed, I committed a canto of Dante to memory; an exer-

cise so merely mechanical, that I thought more of my own affairs than the lines during their acquisition. The same sort of abstraction attended my perusal of other books, except occasionally a few passages of Scripture. I had always felt attached to this divine production, even when I had not believed myself one of its avowed followers. I now studied it with far greater respect than before; yet my mind was often almost involuntarily bent upon other matters, and I knew not what I read. By degrees I surmounted this difficulty, and was able to reflect upon its great truths with higher relish than I had ever before done. This did not give rise in me to the least tendency to moroseness or superstition; nothing being more apt to weaken and distort the mind than misdirected devotion. With the love of God and mankind, it inspired me also with a veneration for justice, and an abhorrence of wickedness, along with a desire of pardoning the wicked. Christianity, instead of militating against any thing good which I had derived from philosophy, strengthened it by the aid of logical deductions, at once more powerful and profound.

Reading, one day, that it was necessary to pray without ceasing, and that prayer did not consist in many words uttered after the manner of the Pharisees, but in making every word and action

accord with the will of God, I determined to commence with earnestness, to pray in the spirit with unceasing effort; in other words, to permit no one thought which should not be inspired by a wish to conform my whole life to the decrees of God.

The forms I adopted were simple and few; not from contempt of them (I think them very salutary, and calculated to excite attention), but from the circumstance of my being unable to go through them at length, without becoming so far abstracted as to make me forget the solemn duty in which I was engaged. This habitual observance of prayer, and the reflection that God is omnipresent as well as omnipotent in his power to save, began erelong to deprive solitude of its horrors; and I often repeated, "Have I not the best society a man can have?" and from this period I grew more cheerful,—I even sang and whistled in the new joy of my heart. And why lament my captivity? Might not a sudden fever have carried me off? Would my friends then have grieved less over my fate than now? Cannot God sustain them even as he could under a more trying dispensation? Often did I offer up my prayers and fervent hopes, that my dear parents might feel, as I myself felt, resigned to my lot; but tears frequently mingled with sweet recollections of home. With all this, my

faith in God remained undisturbed, and I was not disappointed.

To live at liberty is doubtless much better than living in a prison; but, even here, the reflection that God is present with us, that worldly joys are brief and fleeting, and that true happiness is to be sought in the conscience, not in external objects, can give a real zest to life. In less than one month, I had made up my mind, I will not say entirely, but in a tolerable degree, as to the part I should adopt. I saw, that, being incapable of the mean action of purchasing impunity by procuring the destruction of others, the only prospect that lay before me was the scaffold or long-protracted captivity. It was necessary that I should prepare myself. "I will live," I said to myself, "so long as I shall be permitted; and, when they take my life, I will do as the unfortunate have done before me: when the last moment arrives, I can die." I endeavored, as much as possible, to avoid complaint, and to obtain every possible enjoyment of mind within my reach. The most customary was that of recalling the many advantages which had thrown a charm round my previous life, — the best of fathers, of mothers, excellent brothers and sisters, many friends, a good education, and a taste for letters. Should I now refuse to be grateful to God for all these benefits, because he had pleased to visit me

with misfortune? Sometimes, indeed, when recalling past scenes to mind, I was affected even to tears; but I soon recovered my courage and cheerfulness of heart.

At the commencement of my captivity, I was fortunate enough to meet with a friend. It was neither the governor, nor any of his under-jailers, nor any of the lords of the process-chamber. Who then? — a poor deaf and dumb boy, five or six years old; the offspring of thieves, who had paid the penalty of the law. This wretched little orphan, with several other boys in the same condition of life, was supported by the police. They all dwelt in a room opposite my own, and were permitted to go out only at certain hours to breathe a little air in the yard. Little deaf and dumb used to come under my window, smiled, and made his obeisance to me. I threw him a piece of bread; he took it, and gave a leap of joy; then ran to his companions, divided it, and returned to eat his own share under the window. The others gave me a wistful look from a distance, but ventured no nearer; while the deaf and dumb boy expressed for me a sympathy, not, I found, affected, out of mere selfishness. Sometimes he was at a loss what to do with the bread I gave him, and made signs that he had eaten enough, as also his companions. When he saw one of the under-jailers going into my room, he

would give him what he had got from me, in order to restore it to me. Yet he continued to haunt my window, and seemed rejoiced whenever I deigned to notice him. One day the jailer permitted him to enter my prison, when he instantly ran to embrace my knees, actually uttering a cry of joy. I took him up in my arms; and he threw his little hands about my neck, and lavished on me the tenderest caresses. How much affection in his smile and manner! how eagerly I longed to have him to educate, raise him from his abject condition, and snatch him, perhaps, from utter ruin! I never even learned his name: he himself did not know that he had one. He seemed always happy; and I never saw him weep, except once, when he was beaten, I know not why, by the jailer. Strange that he should be thus happy, in a receptacle of so much pain and sorrow; yet he was light-hearted as the son of a grandee. From him I learned, at least, that the mind need not depend on situation, but may be rendered independent of external things. Govern the imagination, and we shall be well, wherever we happen to be placed. A day is soon over; and, if at night we can retire to rest without actual pain and hunger, it matters little

whether it be within the walls of a prison, or of a kind of building which is called a palace. This is good reasoning; but how are we to contrive so to govern the imagination? I began to try, and sometimes thought I had succeeded to a miracle; but at others the enchantress triumphed, and I was unexpectedly astonished to find tears starting into my eyes.

CHAPTER III.

More about the deaf and dumb boy. — Change of quarters. — The cell described. — Writings on the wall. — Pellico recognizes a friend, Melchiorre Gioja.

"I AM so far fortunate," I often said, "that they have given me a dungeon on the ground floor, near the court, where that dear boy comes within a few steps of me, to converse in our own mute language." We made immense progress in it; we expressed a thousand various feelings I had no idea we could do, by the natural expression of the eye, the gesture, and the whole countenance. "Wonderful human intelligence! How graceful are his motions! how beautiful his smile! how quickly he corrects whatever expression I see of his that seems to displease me! How well he understands I love him, when he plays with any of his companions! Standing only at my window to observe him, it seems as if I possessed over his mind a kind of influence, favorable to his education. By dint of repeating the mutual exercise of signs, we may be enabled to perfect the communication of our ideas. The more instruction he gets, the more gentle

and kind he becomes, the more will he be attached to me. To him I shall be the genius of reason and of good; he will learn to confide to me his sorrows, his pleasures, all he feels and wishes; I will console, elevate, and direct him in his whole conduct. Perhaps this my lot may be protracted from month to month, even till I become gray in my captivity. Perhaps this little child may continue to grow under my eye, and be employed in the service of this large family of pain and grief and calamity. With such a disposition as he has already shown, what would become of him? Alas! he would at most be made only a good under-keeper, or fill some similar place. Yet I shall surely have conferred on him some benefit, if I can succeed in inspiring him with the desire of obtaining the approbation of good men and his own, and to nourish sentiments of habitual benevolence."—This soliloquy was very natural in my situation: I was always fond of children, and the office of an instructor appeared to me a sublime duty. For a few years, I had acted in that capacity with Giacomo and Giulio Porro, two young men of noble promise, whom I loved, and shall continue to love, as if they were my own sons. Often while in prison were my thoughts busied with them; and how it grieved me not to be enabled to complete their education! I sincerely prayed that they

might meet with a new master, who would be as much attached to them as I had been.

At times I could not help exclaiming to myself, "What a strange burlesque is all this! Instead of two noble youths, rich in all that nature and fortune can endow them with, here I have a pupil, poor little fellow! deaf, dumb, a castaway; the son of a robber, who at most can aspire only to the rank of an under-jailer, and which, in a little less softened phraseology, would mean to say a *sbirro*."* This reflection confused and disquieted me; yet hardly did I hear the *strillo* † of my little dummy, than I felt my heart grow warm again, just as a father when he hears the voice of a son. I lost all anxiety about his mean estate. It is no fault of his, if he be lopped of nature's fairest proportions, and was born the son of a robber. A humane, generous heart, in an age of innocence, is always respectable. I looked on him, therefore, from day to day with increased affection, and was more than ever desirous of cultivating his good qualities and his growing intelligence. Nay, perhaps, we might both live to get out of prison, when I would establish him in the college for the deaf and dumb, and thus open for him a path more fortunate and pleasing than to play the part of a *sbirro*. Whilst thus pleasingly engaged

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* A bailiff. † A sort of scream peculiar to dumb children.

in meditating on his future welfare, two of the under-jailers one day walked into my cell.

"You must change your quarters, sir."

"What mean you by that?"

"We have orders to remove you into another chamber."

"Why so?"

"Some other great bird has been caged; and this being the better apartment, — you understand."

"Oh, yes! it is the first resting-place for the newly arrived."

They conveyed me to the opposite side of the court, where I could no longer converse with my little deaf and dumb friend, and was far removed from the ground-floor. In walking across, I beheld the poor boy sitting on the ground, overcome with grief and astonishment; for he knew he had lost me. Ere I quite disappeared, he ran towards me. My conductors tried to drive him away; but he reached me, and I caught him in my arms, and returned his caresses with expressions of tenderness which I sought not to conceal. I tore myself from him, and entered my new abode.

My poor heart, loving so readily and so warmly, to how many separations hast thou been already doomed! This was certainly not the least sorrowful; and I felt it the more, as my new lodging was very dismal.

It was a dark and gloomy place; instead of glass, it had pasteboard for the windows; the walls were rendered more repulsive by being hung with some wretched attempts at painting, and, when free from these colored daubings, were covered with inscriptions. These last gave the name and country of many an unhappy inmate, with the date of the fatal day of their captivity. Some consisted of lamentations on the perfidy of false friends, denouncing their own folly, or a mistress, or the judge who condemned them. Among a few were brief sketches of the victims' lives; still fewer embraced moral maxims. I found the following words of Pascal:

"Let those who attack religion first learn what it is. Could religion boast of commanding a direct view of the Deity, without veil or mystery, it would be attacking that religion to say, that 'there is nothing seen in the world, which displays Him with such clear evidence.' But since it rather asserts that man is involved in darkness, far from God, who is hidden from human knowledge, insomuch as to give himself the name in Scripture of *Deus absconditus*, what advantage can the enemies of religion derive, when, neglecting, as they profess to do, the science of truth, they complain that the truth is not made apparent to them?" Lower down was written (the words of the same author), "It is not here a question of some trivial interest relating to a stranger: it applies to ourselves, and to all we possess. The immortality of the soul is a question of such deep and momentous importance to all, as to imply an utter loss of reason to rest totally indifferent as to the truth or the fallacy of the proposition." Another inscription was to this effect: "I bless the hour of my imprisonment: it has taught me to know the ingratitude of man, my own frailty, and the goodness of God." Close to these words appeared the proud and desperate imprecation of one who signed himself an Atheist, and who launched his impieties against the Deity, as if he had forgotten that he had just before said

there was no God. Then followed another column, reviling the cowardly fools, as they were termed, whom captivity had converted into fanatics. I one day pointed out these strange impieties to one of the jailers, and inquired who had written them. "I am glad I have found this," was the reply, "there are so many of them, and I have so little time to look for them;" and he took his knife, and began to erase it as fast as he could.

"Why do you do that?" I inquired of him.

"Because the poor devil who wrote it was condemned to death for a cold-blooded murder. He repented, and made us promise to do him this kindness."

"Heaven pardon him!" I exclaimed; "what was it he did?"

"Why, as he found he could not kill his enemy, he revenged himself by slaying the man's son, one of the finest boys you ever saw?"

I was horror-struck. Could ferocity of disposition proceed to such lengths? and could a monster, capable of such a deed, hold the insulting language of a man superior to all human weaknesses? — to murder the innocent, and a child!

In my new prison, black and filthy to an extreme, I sadly missed the society of my little

dumb friend. I stood for hours in anxious, weary mood, at the window which looked over a gallery, on the other side of which could be seen the extremity of the court-yard, and the window of my former cell. Who had succeeded me there? I could discern his figure, as he paced quickly to and fro, apparently in violent agitation. Two or three days subsequently, I perceived that he was furnished with writing materials, and remained busy at his little table the whole of the day. At last I recognized him. He came forth, accompanied by his jailer: he was going to be examined, when I saw he was no other than Melchiorre Gioja.[2] It went to my heart: "You, too, noble, excellent man, have not escaped!" Yet he was more fortunate than myself. After a few months' captivity, he regained his liberty.

To behold any really estimable being, always does me good: it affords me pleasant matter for reflection and for esteem, — both of great advantage. I could have laid down my life to save such a man from captivity; yet merely to see him was some consolation to me. After regarding him intently for some time, to ascertain if he were tranquil or agitated, I offered up a heartfelt prayer for his deliverance: Such an incident as this has a charm for utter solitude, of which one can form no idea without experiencing it. A poor dumb boy had first supplied me with this

real enjoyment, and I now derived it from a distant view of a man of distinguished merit.

Perhaps some one of the jailers had informed him where I was. One morning, on opening his window, he waved his handkerchief in token of salutation; and I replied in the same manner. I need not describe the pleasure I felt; it appeared as if we were no longer separated; and we discoursed in the silent intercourse of the spirit, which, when every other medium is cut off, in the least look, gesture, or signal of any kind, can make itself comprehended and felt.

It was with no small pleasure I anticipated a continuation of this friendly communication. Day after day, however, went on, and I was never more gratified by the appearance of the same favorite signals. Yet I frequently saw my friend at his window; I waved my handkerchief, but in vain; he answered it no more. I was now informed by our jailers, that Gioja had been strictly prohibited from exciting my notice, or replying to it in any manner. Notwithstanding, he still continued to look at me, and I at him; and in this way we conversed upon a great variety of subjects, which helped to keep us alive.

CHAPTER IV.

Other prisoners. — Maddalene. — The robbers. — Conversations with them. — Carbonarism.

ALONG the same gallery, upon a level with my prison, I saw other prisoners passing and repassing the whole day to the place of examination. They were, for the chief part, of lowly condition, but occasionally one or two of better rank. All, however, attracted my attention, brief as was the sight of them; and I truly compassionated them. So sorrowful a spectacle for some time filled me with grief; but by degrees I became habituated to it, and at last it rather relieved than added to the horror of my solitude. A number of women, also, who had been arrested, passed by. There was a way from the gallery, through a large vault, leading to another court; and in that part were placed the female prisoners, and others laboring under disease. A single wall, and very slight, separated my dwelling from that of some of the women. Sometimes I was almost deafened with their songs; at others, with their bursts of maddened mirth.

Late at evening, when the din of day had ceased, I could hear them conversing; and, had I wished, I could have easily joined with them. Was it timidity, pride, or prudence, which restrained me from all communication with the unfortunate and degraded of their sex? Perhaps it partook of all. Woman, when she is what she should be, is, in my eyes, a creature so admirable, so sublime, the mere seeing, hearing, and speaking to her enriches my mind with noble fantasies; but, rendered vile and despicable, she disturbs, she afflicts, she deprives my heart, as it were, of all its poetry and its love. Spite of this, among those feminine voices there were some so very sweet, that, there is no use in denying it, they were dear to me. One, in particular, surpassed the rest: I heard it less frequently, and it uttered nothing unworthy of its fascinating tone. She sung little, and mostly kept repeating these two pathetic lines: —

"Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità?"

"Ah! who will give the lost one
Her vanished dream of bliss?"

At other times, she would sing from the Litany. Her companions joined with her; but still I could discern the voice of Maddalene [3] from all others, though they seemed to unite for the purpose of

robbing me of it. Sometimes, too, when her companions were recounting to her their various misfortunes, I could hear her pitying them, — could catch even her very sighs, while she invariably strove to console them. "Courage, courage, my poor dear," she said one day: "God is very good, and he will not abandon us."

How could I do otherwise than imagine she was beautiful, and more unfortunate than guilty; naturally virtuous, and capable of reformation? Who could blame me because I was affected by what she said, listened to her with respect, and offered up my prayers for her with more than usual earnestness of heart? Innocence is sacred, and repentance ought to be equally respected. Did the most perfect of men, the Divinity on earth, refuse to cast a pitying eye on weak, sinful women, to regard their fear and confusion, and rank them with the souls he delighted to consort with and to honor? By what law, then, do we act, when we treat with so much contempt women fallen into ignominy?

While thus reasoning, I was frequently tempted to raise my voice, and speak, as a brother in misfortune, to poor Maddalene. I had once, even,

spoke the first syllable of her name, — Mad . . . ; and, how strange! I felt my heart beat like that of an enamoured youth of fifteen, — I who had reached thirty-one. It seemed as if I should never be able to pronounce it; and I cried out almost in a rage, "Mad! Mad!" yes, mad enough, thought I.

Thus ended my romance with that poor unhappy one; yet it did not fail to produce me many sweet sensations during several weeks. Often, when steeped in melancholy, would her sweet, calm voice breathe consolation to my spirit: when, dwelling on the meanness and ingratitude of mankind, I became irritated, and hated the world, the voice of Maddalene gently led me back to feelings of compassion and indulgence.

How I wish, poor, unknown, kind-hearted, repentant one, that no heavy punishment may befall thee! And, whatever thou shalt suffer, may it well avail thee, redignify thy nature, and teach thee to live and die to thy Saviour and thy Lord! Mayest thou meet compassion and respect from all around thee, as thou didst from me, a stranger to thee! Mayest thou teach all who see thee thy gentle lesson of patience, sweetness, the love of virtue, and faith in God, with which thou didst inspire him who loved without having beheld thee! Perhaps I erred in thinking thee

beautiful; but, sure I am, thou didst wear the beauty of the soul. Thy conversation, though spoken amidst grossness and corruption of every kind, was ever chaste and graceful; whilst others imprecated, thou didst bless; when eager in contention, thy sweet voice still pacified, like oil upon the troubled waters. If any noble mind hath read thy worth, and snatched thee from an evil career; hath assisted thee with delicacy, and wiped the tears from thine eyes, — may every reward Heaven can give be his portion, that of his children, and of his children's children!

Next to mine was another prison, occupied by several men. I also heard *their* conversation. One seemed of superior authority, not so much probably from any difference of rank, as owing to greater eloquence and boldness. He played what may be musically termed the first fiddle. He stormed himself, yet silenced those who presumed to quarrel by his imperious voice. He dictated the tone of the society; and, after some feeble efforts to throw off his authority, they submitted, and gave the reins into his hands.

There was not a single one of those unhappy men who had it in him to soften the harshness of prison hours, by uttering one kindly sentiment, one expression of religion or of love. The chief of these neighbors of mine saluted me, and I replied. He asked me how I contrived to pass

such a cursed dull life. I answered, that it was melancholy, to be sure: but that no life was a cursed one to me; and that, to our last hour, we should endeavor to procure the pleasure of thinking and of loving.

"Explain, sir, explain what you mean!"

I explained, but was not understood. After many ingenious attempts, I determined to clear it up in the form of example, and had the courage to bring forward the extremely singular and moving effect produced upon me by the voice of Maddalene; when the magisterial head of the prison burst into a violent fit of laughter. "What is all that? what is that?" cried his companions. He then repeated my words with an air of burlesque: peals of laughter followed, and I stood there, in their eyes, the picture of a convicted blockhead.

As it is in prison, so it is in the world. Those who consider it wise to be angry, to complain, and to despise others, think that to pity, to love,

to console yourself with gentle and beautiful thoughts and images, which accord with humanity and its great Author, is all mere folly.

I let them laugh, and said not a word. They spoke to me again two or three times; but I was mute. "He will come no more near the window," said one; "he will hear nothing but the sighs of Maddalene: we have offended him with laughing." At length, the chief imposed silence upon the whole party, who were amusing themselves at my expense. "Silence, beasts as you are! you do not know what you are talking about. Our neighbor is not so long-eared an animal as you imagine. You do not possess the power of reflection, — no, not you. I grin and joke, but afterwards I reflect. Every low-born clown can stamp and roar, as we do here. Grant a little more real cheerfulness, a spark more of charity, a bit more faith in the blessing of heaven, — what do you imagine that all this would be a sign of?" "Now, that I also reflect," replied one, "I fancy it would be a sign of being a little less of a brute."

"Bravo!" cried his leader, in a most stentorian howl: "now I begin to have some hope of you."

I was not overproud at being thus rated *a little less of a brute* than the rest; yet I felt a sort of pleasure that these wretched men had come to

some agreement as to the importance of cultivating, in some degree, more benevolent sentiments.

I again approached the window: the chief called me; and I answered, hoping that I might now moralize with him in my own way. I was deceived: vulgar minds dislike serious reasoning. If some noble truth shines upon them, they applaud it for a moment; but the next withdraw their notice, or attempt to place it in some ludicrous point of view.

I was next asked if I were imprisoned for debt.

"No."

"Perhaps you are paying the penalty of a false oath, then?"

"No: it is quite a different thing."

"An affair of love, most likely, I guess?"

"You have killed a man, mayhap?"

"It's for carbonarism, then?"

"Exactly so."

"And who are these carbonari?"

"I know so little of them, that I cannot tell you."

Here a jailer interrupted us in great anger; and, after commenting on the gross improprieties committed by my neighbors, he turned towards me, not with the gravity of a *sbirro*, but the air of a master: "For shame, sir, for shame! — to

think of talking to men of this stamp! Do you know, sir, that they are all robbers?"

I reddened up, and then more deeply for having shown my blushes; and methought that to deign to converse with the unhappy, of however lowly rank, was rather a work of goodness than a fault.

CHAPTER V.

Pellico visited by his father. — His filial piety. — His resignation to the horrors of a long imprisonment. — Piero Maroncelli.

NEXT morning, I went to my window to look for Melchiorre Gioja, but conversed no more with the robbers. I replied to their salutation, and added that I had been forbidden to speak to them. The secretary who had presided at my examinations told me, with an air of mystery, I was about to receive a visit. After a little further preparation, he acquainted me that it was my father; and, so saying, bade me follow him. I did so, in a state of great agitation; assuming, at the same time, an appearance of perfect calmness, in order not to distress my unhappy parent. Upon first hearing of my arrest, he had been led to suppose it was for some trifling affair, and that I should soon be set at liberty. Finding his mistake, however, he had now come to solicit the Austrian government on my account. Here, too, he deluded himself: for he never imagined I could have been rash enough to expose myself to the penalty of the laws; and the cheerful tone in

which I now spoke persuaded him that there was nothing very serious to apprehend.

The few words that were permitted to pass between us gave me indescribable pain, — the more so from the restraint I had placed upon my feelings. It was yet more difficult at the moment of parting. In the existing state of affairs as regarded Italy, I felt convinced that Austria would make some fearful examples, and that I should be condemned either to death or long-protracted imprisonment. It was my object to conceal this from my father, and to flatter his hopes at a moment when I was inquiring for a mother, brother, and sisters, whom I never expected to behold more. Though I knew it to be impossible, I even calmly requested of him that he would come and see me again, while my heart was wrung with the bitter conflict of my feelings. Filled with the same agreeable delusion, he took his leave, and I painfully retraced my steps back into my dungeon. I thought that solitude would now be a relief to me, and that to weep would somewhat ease my burdened heart; yet, strange to say, I could not shed a tear. The extreme wretchedness of feeling this inability to shed tears under some of the heaviest

calamities, is the severest trial of all; and I have often experienced it.

An acute fever, attended by severe pains in my head, followed this interview. I could not take any nourishment; and I often said, "How happy it would be for me, were it indeed to prove mortal!" Foolish and cowardly wish! Heaven refused to hear my prayer, and I now feel grateful that it did. Though a stern teacher, adversity fortifies the mind, and renders man what he seems to have been intended for, — at least, a good man, a being capable of struggling with difficulty and danger; presenting an object not unworthy, even in the eyes of the old Romans, of the approbation of the gods.

Two days afterwards, I again saw my father. I had rested well the previous night, and was free from fever. Before him, I preserved the same calm and cheerful deportment; so that no one could have suspected I had recently suffered, and still continued to suffer, so much. "I am in hopes," observed my father, "that within a very few days we shall see you at Turin. Your mother has put your old room in readiness, and we are all expecting you to come. Pressing affairs now call me away; but lose no time, I entreat you, in preparing to rejoin us once more." His kind and affecting expressions added to my grief. Compassion and filial piety, not unmin-

gled with a species of remorse, induced me to feign assent; yet afterwards I reflected how much more worthy it had been, both of my father and myself, to have frankly told him, that most probably we should never see each other again, at least in this world. "Let us take farewell like men, without a murmur and without a tear, and let me receive the benediction of a father before I die." As regarded myself, I should wish to have adopted language like that; but, when I gazed on his aged and venerable features and his gray hairs, something seemed to whisper me, that it would be too much for the affectionate old man to bear; and the words died in my heart. "Good God!" I thought, "should he know the extent of the evil, he might perhaps run distracted, such is his extreme attachment to me; he might fall at my feet, or even expire before my eyes." No: I could neither tell him the truth, nor so much as prepare him for it. We shed not a tear, and he took his departure in the same pleasing delusion as before. On returning into my dungeon, I was seized in the same manner, and with still more aggravated suffering, as I had been after the last interview; and, as then, my anguish found no relief in tears.

I had nothing to do now but resign myself to all the horrors of long captivity and to the sentence of death. But to prepare myself to bear

the idea of the immense load of grief that must fall on every dear member of my family, on learning my lot, was beyond my power. It haunted me like a spirit; and, to fly from it, I threw myself on my knees, and, in a passion of devotion, uttered aloud the following prayer: "My God! from thy hand I will accept all, — for me all; but most wonderfully deign to strengthen the hearts of those to whom I was so very dear. Grant thou that I may cease to be such to them now; and suffer not the life of the least of them to be shortened by their care for me, even by a single day."

Strange, wonderful power of prayer! For several hours, my mind was raised to a contemplation of the Deity, and my confidence in his goodness proportionately increased. I meditated also on the dignity of the human mind, when, freed from selfishness, it exerts itself to will only that which is the will of Infinite Wisdom. This *can* be done, and it is man's duty to do it. Reason, which is the voice of the Deity, teaches us that it is right to submit to every sacrifice for the sake of virtue. And how could the sacrifice which we owe to virtue be completed, if in the most trying afflictions we struggle against the will of Him who is the source of all virtue? When death on the scaffold, or any other species of martyrdom, becomes inevitable, it is a proof of

wretched degradation or ignorance not to be able to approach it with blessing upon our lips. Nor is it necessary we should submit only to death, but also to the affliction which we know those most dear to us must suffer on our account. All it is lawful for us to ask is, that God will temper such affliction, and that he will properly direct us. Such a prayer is always sure to be accepted.

For a period of some days, I continued in the same state of mind, — a sort of calm sorrow, full of peace, affection, and religious thoughts. I seemed to have overcome every weakness, and as if I were no longer capable of suffering new anxiety. Fond delusion! it is man's duty to aim at reaching as near to perfection as possible, though he can never attain it here. What now disturbed me was the sight of an unhappy friend, my good Piero, who passed along the gallery within a few yards of me, while I stood at my window. They were removing him from his cell into the prison destined for criminals. He was hurried by so swiftly, that I had barely time to recognize him, and to receive and return his salutation.

Poor young man! in the flower of his age, with a genius of high promise, of frank, upright, and most affectionate disposition, born with a keen zest of the pleasures of existence, to be at

once precipitated into a dungeon, without the remotest hope of escaping the severest penalty of the laws! So great was my compassion for him, and my regret at being unable to afford him the slightest consolation, that it was long before I could recover my composure of mind. I knew how tenderly he was attached to every member of his numerous family, how deeply interested in promoting their happiness, and how devotedly his affection was returned. I was sensible what must be the affliction of each and all under so heavy a calamity. Strange, that, though I had just reconciled myself to the idea in my own case, a sort of frenzy seized my mind when I depicted the scene; and it continued so long that I began to despair of mastering it.

Dreadful as this was, it was still but an illusion. Ye afflicted ones, who believe yourselves victims of some irresistible, heart-rending, and increasing grief, suffer a little while with patience, and you will be undeceived. Neither perfect peace nor utter wretchedness can be of long continuance here below. Recollect this truth, that you may neither become unduly elevated in prosperity, nor cast down under the trials which assuredly await you. A sense of weariness and apathy succeeded the terrible excitement I had undergone. But indifference itself is transitory; and I had some fear lest I should con-

tinue to suffer without relief under these wretched extremes of feeling. Terrified at the prospect of such a future, I had recourse once more to the only Being from whom I could hope to receive strength to bear it, and devoutly bent down in prayer. I beseeched the Father of mercies to befriend my poor deserted Piero, even as myself, and to support his family no less than my own. By constant repetition of prayers like these, I became perfectly calm and resigned.

It was then I reflected upon my previous violence. I was angry at my own weakness and folly, and sought the means of remedy. I had recourse to the following expedient: Every morning, after I had finished my devotions, I set myself diligently to work to recall to mind every possible occurrence of a trying and painful kind, such as a final parting from my dearest friends, and the approach of the executioner. I did this, not only in order to inure my nerves to bear sudden or dreadful incidents, — too surely my future portion, — but that I might not again be taken unawares. At first, this melancholy task was insupportable; but I persevered, and, in a short time, became reconciled to it.

CHAPTER VI.

Count Luigi Porro. — Guarding against violent emotions. — Another change of quarters. — The little deaf and dumb boy. — Melchiorre Gioja. — The pretended Louis XVII.

ON New Year's Day, Count Luigi Porro[4] obtained permission to see me. Our warm friendship, the eagerness to communicate our mutual feelings, and the restraint imposed by the presence of an imperial secretary, with the brief time allowed us, the presentiments I indulged, and our efforts to appear calm, — all led me to expect that I should be thrown into a state of fearful excitement, worse than I had yet suffered. It was not so. After taking his leave, I remained calm; such to me proved the signal efficacy of guarding against the assault of sudden and violent emotions. The task I set myself to acquire — constant calmness of mind — arose less from a desire to relieve my unhappiness, than from a persuasion how undignified, unworthy, and injurious was a temper opposite to this, — I mean a continued state of excitement and anxiety. An excited mind ceases to reason; carried away by a resistless torrent of wild ideas, it forms for itself a sort of mad logic, full of anger and malig-

nity; it is in a state at once as absolutely unphilosophical as it is unchristian.

If I were a divine, I should often insist upon the necessity of correcting irritability and inquietude of character: none can be truly good, unless that is effected. How nobly pacific, both with regard to himself and others, was He whom we are all bound to imitate! There is no elevation of mind, there is no justice, without moderation in principles and ideas, — without a pervading spirit which inclines us rather to smile at, than fall into a passion with, the events of this little life. Anger is never productive of any good, except in the extremely rare case of being employed to humble the wicked, and to terrify them from pursuing the path of crime, even as the usurers were driven by an angry Saviour from polluting his holy Temple. Violence and excitement, perhaps differing altogether from what I felt, are no less blamable. Mine was the mania of despair and affliction: I felt a disposition, whilst suffering under its horrors, to hate and to curse mankind. Several individuals, in particular, appeared to my imagination depicted in the most revolting colors. It is a sort of moral epidemic, I believe, springing from vanity and selfishness; for, when a man despises and detests his fellow-creatures, he necessarily assumes that he is much better than the rest of the world.

The doctrine of such men amounts to this: "Let us admire only one another: if we turn the rest of mankind into a mere mob, we shall appear like demigods on earth." It is a curious fact, that living in a state of hostility and rage actually affords pleasure: it seems as if people thought there was a species of heroism in it. If, unfortunately, the object of our wrath happens to die, we lose no time in finding some one to fill the vacant place. "Whom shall I attack next? whom shall I hate? Ah! that is the villain I was looking for? What a prize! Now, my friends, at him; give him no quarter." Such is the world; and, without uttering a libel, I may add that it is not what it ought to be.

It showed no great malignity, however, to complain of the horrible place in which they had incarcerated me; but fortunately another room became vacant, and I was agreeably surprised on being informed that I was to have it. Yet, strangely enough, I reflected with regret that I was about to leave the vicinity of Maddalene. Instead of feeling rejoiced, I mourned over it with almost childish emotion. I had always attached myself to some object, even from motives comparatively slight. On leaving my horrible abode, I cast back a glance at the heavy wall against which I had so often supported myself, while listening as closely as possible to the gentle

voice of the repentant girl. I felt a desire to hear, if only for the last time, those two pathetic lines, —

"Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità?"

Vain hope! here was another separation in the short period of my unfortunate life. — But I will not go into any further details, lest the world should laugh at me, though it would be hypocrisy in me not to confess, that, for several days after, I felt melancholy at this imaginary parting.

While going out of my dungeon, I made a farewell signal to two of the robbers, who had been my neighbors, and who were then standing at their window. Their chief also got notice of my departure, ran to the window, and repeatedly saluted me. He began likewise to sing the little air, *Chi rende alla meschina*. "And was this," thought I, "merely to ridicule me?" No doubt that forty-nine out of fifty persons would say decidedly, "It was." In spite, however, of such a majority, I incline to the opin-

ion that the *good robber* meant it kindly; and as such I received it, and gave him a look of thanks. He saw it, thrust his arm through the bars, and waved his cap; nodding kindly to me as I turned to go down the stairs.

Upon reaching the yard below, I was further consoled by a sight of the little deaf and dumb boy. He saw me, and instantly ran towards me with a look of unfeigned delight. The wife of the jailer, however, — Heaven knows why, — caught hold of the little fellow, and, rudely thrusting him back, drove him into the house. I was really vexed; and yet the resolute little efforts he made even then to reach me gave me indescribable pleasure at the moment, so pleasing it is to find that one is really loved. This was a day full of great adventures for me. A few steps further on, I passed the window of my old prison, now the abode of Gioja. "How are you, Melchiorre?" I exclaimed as I went by. He raised his head, and, darting towards me, cried out, "How do you do, Silvio?" They would not let me stop a single moment: I passed through the great gate, and ascended a flight of stairs, which brought us to a large, well-swept room, exactly over that occupied by Gioja. My bed was brought after me, and I was then left to myself by my conductors. My first object was to examine the walls; I met with several inscriptions, some written with

charcoal, others in pencil, and a few incised with some sharp point. I remember there were some very pleasing verses in French, and I regret that I forgot to commit them to memory. They were signed "The Duke of Normandy." I tried to sing them; adapting them, as well as I could, to the favorite air of my poor Maddalene. What was my surprise to hear a voice close to me reply in the same words, sung to another air? When he had finished, I cried out, "Bravo!" and he saluted me with great respect, inquiring if I were a Frenchman.

"No: an Italian, and my name is Silvio Pellico."

"The author of 'Francesca da Rimini'?"[5]

"The same."

Here he made me a fine compliment, following it with the condolences usual on such occasions, upon hearing I had been committed to prison. He then inquired of what part of Italy I was a native. "Piedmont," was the reply: "I am from Saluzzo." Here I was treated to another compliment, on the character and genius of the Piedmontese, in particular the celebrated men of Saluzzo, at the head of whom he ranked Bodoni.[6] All this was said in an easy, refined tone, which showed the man of the world, and one who had received a good education.

"Now, may I be permitted," said I, "to inquire who *you* are, sir?"

"I heard you singing one of my little songs," was the reply.

"What! the two beautiful stanzas upon the wall are yours!"

"They are, sir."

"You are therefore"——

"The unfortunate Duke of Normandy."

The jailer at that moment passed under our windows, and ordered us to be silent.

"What can he mean by the unfortunate Duke of Normandy?" thought I, musing to myself. "Ah! is not that the title said to be assumed by the son of Louis XVI.?[7] but that unhappy child is indisputably no more. Then my neighbor must be one of those unlucky adventurers who have undertaken to bring him to life again. Not a few had already taken upon themselves to personate this Louis XVII., and were proved to be impostors: how is my new acquaintance entitled to greater credit for his pains?"

Although I tried to give him the advantage of a doubt, I felt on the subject an insurmountable incredulity which was not subsequently removed. At the same time, I determined not to mortify the unhappy man, whatever sort of absurdity he might relate to me.

A few minutes afterwards, he again began to sing; and we soon renewed our conversation. In answer to my inquiry, "What is your real name?"

he replied, "I am no other than Louis XVII." And he then launched into very severe invectives against his uncle, Louis XVIII., the usurper of his just and natural rights.

"But why," said I, "did you not prefer your claims at the period of the Restoration?"

"I was unable, from extreme illness, to quit the city of Bologna. The moment I was better, I hastened to Paris: I presented myself to the allied monarchs, but the work was done. The good Prince of Condé knew me, and received me with open arms; but his friendship availed me nothing. One evening, passing through a lonely street, I was suddenly attacked by assassins, and escaped with difficulty. After wandering through Normandy, I returned into Italy, and stopped some time at Modena. Thence I wrote to the allied powers, in particular to the Emperor Alexander, who replied to my letter with expressions of the greatest kindness. I did not then despair of obtaining justice, or, at all events, if my rights were to be sacrificed, of being allowed a decent provision, becoming a prince. But I was arrested, and handed over to the Austrian government. During eight months, I have been buried alive here; and God knows when I shall regain my freedom."

CHAPTER VII.

The Pretender gives a brief sketch of his life. — Was not an atheist, but a disbeliever in Christianity. — Pellico's dissimulation.

I BEGGED him to give me a brief sketch of his life. He told me very minutely what I already knew relating to Louis XVII. and the cruel Simon, and the infamous calumnies that wretch was induced to utter respecting the unfortunate queen, his mother. Finally he said, that, while in prison, some persons came with an idiot-boy of the name of Mathurin, who was substituted for him, while he himself was carried off. A coach and four was in readiness; one of the horses being merely a wooden machine, in the interior of which he was concealed. Fortunately they reached the confines; and the general (he gave me the name, which has escaped me), who effected his release, educated him for some time with the attention of a father, and subsequently sent or accompanied him to America. There the young king, without a sceptre, had room to indulge his wandering disposition. He was half-famished in the forests; became at length a sol-

dier, and resided some time in good credit, at the court of the King of Brazil. There, too, he was pursued and persecuted, till compelled to make his escape. He returned to Europe towards the close of Napoleon's career; was kept a close prisoner at Naples by Murat; and at last, when he was liberated, and in full preparation to reclaim the throne of France, he was seized with that unlucky illness at Bologna, during which Louis XVIII. was permitted to assume his nephew's crown.

All this he related with an air of remarkable frankness and truth. Although not justified in believing him, I nevertheless was astonished at his knowledge of the most minute facts connected with the French Revolution. He spoke with much natural fluency, and his conversation abounded with a variety of curious anecdotes. There was something also of the soldier in his expression, without showing any want of that sort of elegance which results from an intercourse with good society.

"Will it be permitted me," I inquired, "to converse with you on equal terms, without making use of any titles?"

"That is what I myself wish you to do," was the reply. "I have at least reaped one advantage from adversity, — that I have learnt to smile at all vanities. I assure you that I value myself

more upon being a man, than having been born a prince."

We were in the habit of conversing together, both night and morning, for a considerable time; and, in spite of what I considered the comic part of his character, he appeared to be of a good disposition, frank, affable, and interested in the virtue and happiness of mankind. More than once I was on the point of saying, "Pardon me: I wish I could believe you were Louis XVII.; but, I frankly confess, I cannot prevail on myself to do so. Be equally sincere, I entreat you, and renounce this singular fiction of yours." I had also prepared to introduce the subject with an edifying discourse upon the vanity of all imposture, even of such untruths as may appear in themselves harmless.

I deferred my purpose from day to day. I partly expected that we should grow still more friendly and confidential; but I never had the heart really to try the experiment upon his feelings. On reflecting upon this want of resolution, I sometimes attempt to reconcile myself to it on the ground of proper urbanity, unwillingness to give offence, and other reasons of the kind. Still these excuses are far from satisfying me: I cannot disguise that I ought not to have permitted my dislike to preaching him a sermon, to stand in the way of speaking my real senti-

ments. To affect to give credit to imposture of any kind is miserable weakness, such as I think I should not, even in similar circumstances, exhibit again. At the same time, it must be confessed, that, preface it as you will, it is a harsh thing to say to any one, "I don't believe you." He will naturally resent it: it would deprive us of his friendship or regard; nay, it would perhaps make him hate us. Yet it is better to run every risk than to sanction an untruth. Possibly the man capable of it, on finding that his imposture is known, will himself admire our sincerity, and afterwards be induced to reflect in a manner that may produce the best results.

The under-jailers were unanimously of opinion, that he was really Louis XVII.; and, having already seen so many strange changes of fortune, they were not without hopes that he would some day ascend the throne of France, and remember the good treatment and attentions he had met with. With the exception of assisting in his escape, they made it their object to comply with all his wishes. It was by such means I had the honor of forming an acquaintance with this grand personage. He was of the middle height, between forty and forty-five years of age, rather inclined to corpu-

lency, and had features strikingly like those of the Bourbons. It is very probable that this accidental resemblance may have led him to assume the character he did, and play so melancholy a part in it.

There is one other instance of unworthy deference to private opinion, of which I must accuse myself. My neighbor was not an atheist: he rather liked to converse on religious topics, as if he justly appreciated the importance of the subject, and was no stranger to its discussion. Still, he indulged a number of unreasonable prejudices against Christianity, which he regarded less in its real nature than its abuses. The superficial philosophy which preceded the French Revolution had dazzled him. He had formed an idea, that religious worship might be offered up with greater purity than as it had been dictated by the religion of the evangelists. Without any intimate acquaintance with the writings of Condillac and Tracy, he venerated them as the most profound thinkers, and really thought that the last had carried the science of metaphysics to the highest degree of perfection.

I may fairly say, that my philosophical studies had been better directed. I was aware of the weakness of the experimental doctrine, and knew the gross and shameless errors, in point of criticism, which influenced the age of Voltaire in

libelling Christianity. I had also read Guénée, and other able exposers of such false criticism. I felt a conviction that by no logical reasoning could belief in God be granted, and the Bible rejected; and I conceived it a vulgar degradation to follow the current of antichristian opinions, and to want elevation of intellect to apprehend how the doctrine of Catholicism is, in its true character, religiously simple and ennobling. Yet I had the meanness to bow to human opinion, out of deference and respect. The wit and sarcasms of my neighbor seemed to confound me, while I could not disguise from myself that they were idle and empty as the air. I dissimulated; I hesitated to announce my own belief; reflecting how far it were seasonable thus to contradict my companion, and persuading myself that it would be useless, and that I was perfectly justified in remaining silent.

What vile pusillanimity! Why thus respect the presumptuous power of popular errors and opinions, resting upon no foundation? It is true that an ill-timed zeal is always indiscreet, and calculated to irritate rather than convert; but to avow with frankness and modesty what we regard as an important truth, to do it even when we have reason to conclude it will not be palatable, and to meet willingly any ridicule or sarcasm which may be launched against it, — this I

maintain to be an actual duty. A noble avowal of this kind, moreover, may always be made, without pretending to assume, uncalled for, any thing of the missionary character.

It is, I repeat, a duty not to keep back an important truth at any period; for, though there may be little hope of its being immediately acknowledged, it may tend to prepare the minds of others, and in due time, doubtless, produce a better and more impartial judgment, and a consequent triumph of truth.

CHAPTER VIII.

Count Bolza conducts Pellico to Venice. — The *Piombi* prison and jailers. — An unhappy state of mind.

I CONTINUED in the same apartment a month and some days. On the night of February the 18th, 1821, I was roused from sleep by a loud noise of chains and keys: several men entered with a lantern; and the first idea which occurred to me was, that they had come to cut my throat. While gazing at them in strange perplexity, one of the figures advanced towards me with a polite air: it was Count B——,[8] who requested I would dress myself as speedily as possible, in order to depart.

I was surprised at this announcement, and even indulged a hope that they were sent to conduct me to the confines of Piedmont. Was it likely the storm which hung over me would thus early be dispersed? Should I again enjoy that liberty so dearly prized, be restored to my beloved parents, and see my brothers and sisters?

I was allowed but little time to indulge these flattering hopes. The moment I had hurried on my clothes, I followed my conductors, without having an opportunity of bidding farewell to my royal neighbor. I thought I heard him call my name, and regretted it was out of my power to stop and reply. "Where are we going?" I inquired of the count, as we got into a coach, attended by an officer of the guard. "I cannot inform you till we shall be a mile beyond the city of Milan." I was aware the coach was not going in the direction of the Vercelline Gate; and my hopes suddenly vanished. I was silent; it was a beautiful, moonlight night; I beheld the same well-known paths I had traversed for pleasure so many years before. The houses, the churches, and every object, renewed a thousand pleasing recollections. I saw the Avenue of the Eastern Gate; I saw the public gardens, where I had so often rambled with Foscolo,[9] Monti,[10] Lodovico di Breme,[11] Pietro Borsieri,[12] Count Porro and his sons, with many other delightful companions, conversing in

all the glow of life and hope. How I felt my friendship for these noble men revive with double force, when I thought of having parted from them for the last time, disappearing, as they had done, one by one, so rapidly from my view! When we had gone a little way beyond the gate, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and indulged these sad retrospections unobserved.

After having gone about a mile, I addressed myself to Count B——. "I presume we are on the road to Verona." — "Yes," was the reply: "we are destined for Venice, where it is my duty to hand you over to a special commission there appointed."

We travelled post, stopped nowhere, and on the 20th of February arrived at my destination. The September of the year preceding, just one month previous to my arrest, I had been at Venice, and had met a large and delightful party at dinner, in the Hotel della Luna. Strangely enough, I was now conducted by the count and the officer to the very inn where we had spent that evening in social mirth.

One of the waiters started on seeing me, perceiving that, though my conductors had assumed the dress of domestics, I was no other than a prisoner in their hands. I was gratified at this recognition, being persuaded that the man would mention my arrival there to more than one.

We dined, and I was then conducted to the palace of the Doge, where the tribunals are now held. I passed under the well-known porticos of the *Procuratie*, and by the Florian Hotel, where I had enjoyed so many pleasant evenings the last autumn; but I did not happen to meet a single acquaintance. We went across the Piazzetta; and there it occurred to me, that, the September before, I had met a poor mendicant, who then addressed me in these singular words: —

"I see, sir, you are a stranger; but I cannot make out why you and all other strangers should so much admire this place. To me it is a place of misfortune, and I never pass it when I can avoid doing so."

"What, did you meet with some disaster here?"

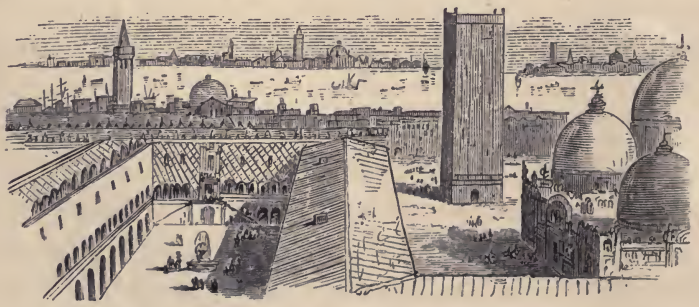
"I did, sir; a horrible one, and not to me only. God protect you from it, God protect you!" and he took himself off in haste.

At this moment it was impossible for me to forget the words of the poor beggar. He was present there, too, the next year, when I ascended the scaffold, whence I heard read to me the sentence of death, and that it had been commuted for fifteen years of severe imprisonment. Assuredly, if I had been inclined ever so little to superstition, I should have thought much of this mendicant, who so emphatically pointed out this

as a place of misfortune. As it is, I have merely noted it down for a curious incident. We ascended to the palace: Count B—— spoke to the judges; then handing me over to the jailer, after embracing me with much emotion, he bade me farewell.

I followed the jailer in silence. After turning through a number of passages, and several large rooms, we arrived at a small staircase, which brought us under the *Piombi*, — those notorious state prisons, dating from the time of the Venetian republic.

There the jailer first registered my name, and then locked me up in the room appointed for me. The chambers called *I Piombi* consist of the upper portion of the Doge's palace, and are covered throughout with lead.



My room had a large window with enormous bars, and commanded a view of the roof (also of lead) and the church of St. Mark. Beyond the church, I could discern the end of the Piazza in the distance, with an immense number of cupolas

and belfries on all sides. St. Mark's gigantic *Campanile* was separated from me only by the length of the church; and I could hear persons speaking from the top of it, when they talked at all loud. To the left of the church was to be seen a portion of the grand court of the palace, and one of the chief entrances. There is a public well in that part of the court, and people were continually in the habit of going thither to draw water. From the lofty site of my prison, they appeared to me about the size of little children; and I could not at all hear their conversation, except when they called out very loud. Indeed, I found myself much more solitary than I had been in the Milanese prisons.

During several days, the anxiety I suffered from the criminal trial appointed by the special commission made me rather melancholy; and it was increased, doubtless, by that painful feeling of deeper solitude.

I was here, moreover, further removed from my family, of whom I heard no more. The new faces that appeared wore a gloom at once strange and appalling. Report had greatly exaggerated the struggle of the Milanese and the rest of Italy to recover their independence: it was doubted if I were not one of the most desperate promoters of that mad enterprise. I found that my name, as a writer, was not wholly unknown to my jailer,

to his wife, and even his daughter, besides two sons, and the under-jailers: all of whom, by their manner, seemed to have an idea that a writer of tragedies was little better than a kind of magician. They looked grave and distant, yet as if eager to learn more of me, had they dared to waive the ceremony of their iron office.

In a few days I grew accustomed to their looks; or rather, I think, they found I was not so great a necromancer as to escape through the lead roofs, and, consequently, assumed a more conciliating demeanor. The wife had most of the character that marks the true jailer: she was shrivelled and bony, without a particle of heart, about forty, and incapable of feeling, except it were a savage sort of instinct for her offspring. She used to bring me my coffee, morning and afternoon, and my water at dinner. She was generally accompanied by her daughter, a girl of about fifteen, not very pretty, but with mild, compassionating looks, and her two sons, from ten to thirteen years of age. They always went back with their mother; but there was a gentle look and a smile of love for me upon their young faces as she closed the door, my only company when they were gone. The jailer never came near me, except to conduct me before the special commission, — that terrible ordeal for what are termed crimes of state.

The under-jailers seldom came near me, being occupied with the prisons of the police, situated on a lower floor, where there were numbers of robbers. One of these assistants was an old man, more than seventy, but still able to discharge his laborious duties, and to run up and down the steps to the different prisons; another was a young man about twenty-five, more bent upon giving an account of his love-affairs than eager to devote himself to his office.

I had now to confront the terrors of a state trial. What was my dread of implicating others by my answers! What difficulty to contend against so many strange accusations, so many suspicions of all kinds! How impossible almost not to become implicated by these incessant examinations, by daily new arrests, and the imprudence of other parties, perhaps not known to you, yet belonging to the same movement! I have decided not to speak of politics, and I must therefore suppress every detail connected with the state trials. I shall merely observe, that, after being subjected for successive hours to the harassing process, I retired in a frame of mind so excited and so enraged, that I should assuredly have taken my own life, had not the voice of religion and the recollection of my parents restrained my hand. I lost the tranquillity of mind I had acquired at Milan: during many days, I

despaired of regaining it; and I cannot even allude to this interval without feelings of horror. It was in vain to attempt it, — I could not pray; I questioned the justice of God; I cursed mankind and all the world, revolving in my mind all the possible sophisms and satires I could think of, respecting the hollowness and vanity of virtue. The disappointed and the exasperated are always ingenious in finding accusations against their fellow-creatures, and even the Creator himself. Anger is of a more immoral and injurious tendency than is generally supposed. As we cannot rage and storm from morning till night, and as the most ferocious animal has necessarily its intervals of repose, these intervals in man are greatly influenced by the immoral character of the conduct which may have preceded them. He appears to be at peace, indeed: but it is an irreligious, malignant peace; a savage complacency, destitute of all charity or dignity; a love of confusion, intoxication, and sarcasm.

In this state, I was accustomed to sing — any thing but hymns — with a kind of mad, ferocious joy: I spoke to all who approached my dungeon jeering and bitter things; and I tried to look on the whole creation through the medium of that commonplace wisdom, the wisdom of cynics. This degrading period, on which I dislike to reflect, lasted happily only for six or seven

days, during which my Bible had become covered with dust. One of the jailer's boys, thinking to please me, as he cast his eye upon it, observed, "Since you left off reading that great, ugly book, you don't seem half so melancholy, sir." — "Do you think so?" said I. Taking the Bible in my hands, I wiped off the dust; and, opening it hastily, my eyes fell upon the following words: "Then said he unto the disciples, It is impossible but that offences will come; but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

I was affected upon reading this passage, and felt ashamed when I thought that this little boy had perceived, from the dust with which it was covered, that I no longer read my Bible, and had even supposed that I had acquired a better temper by want of attention to my religious duties, and became less wretched by forgetting my God. "You graceless little fellow!" I exclaimed, though reproaching him in a gentle tone, and grieved at having afforded him a subject of scandal, — "this is not a great, ugly book; and, for

the few days that I have left off reading it, I find myself much worse. If your mother would let you stay with me a little while, you would see that I know how to get rid of my ill-humor; but you do not know how it overcomes me when I am alone, when you hear me singing and talking like a madman."

CHAPTER IX.

Pellico studies the Bible, and reflects. — Is examined by the special commission. — His friendship with ants and a spider. — Meditations.

THE boy left me; and I felt a degree of pleasure at having taken the Bible again in my hands, and having owned I had been worse for neglecting it. It seemed as if I had made atonement to a generous friend whom I had unjustly offended, but had now become reconciled to. I had even forgotten my God! I exclaimed, and perverted my better nature. Could I have been led to believe that the vile mockery of the cynic was applicable to one in my forlorn and desperate situation?

I felt an indescribable emotion on asking myself this question. I placed the Bible upon a chair; and, falling on my knees, burst into tears of remorse, — I who always found it so difficult to shed even a tear. These tears were far more delightful to me than any physical enjoyment I had ever felt. I seemed to be restored to God; I

loved Him; I repented of having outraged religion by degrading myself; and I made a vow never, never more to forget Him, or to separate myself from Him.

How truly a sincere return to faith and love and hope consoles and elevates the mind! I read, and continued to weep for upwards of an hour. I rose with renewed confidence that God had not abandoned me, but had forgiven my every fault and folly. It was then that my misfortunes, the horrors of my continued examinations and the probable death which awaited me, appeared of little account. I rejoiced in suffering, since I was thus afforded an occasion of performing some duty, and, by submitting with a resigned mind, of obeying my Divine Master. I was enabled, thanks be to Heaven, to read my Bible. I no longer judged it with the wretched subterfuges of a Voltaire, heaping ridicule upon expressions in themselves neither false nor ridiculous, except to gross ignorance or malice, which cannot penetrate their meaning. I became clearly convinced that it was the code of sanctity, and hence of truth; that to take offence at a few imperfections of style was unphilosophical, and not less absurd than the vanity of one who despises every thing that does not possess elegance of form; that it was still greater absurdity to imagine that such a collection of books, so long

held in religious veneration, should not possess an authentic origin, showing, as they do, such a vast superiority over the Koran, and the old theology of the Indies!

Many, doubtless, abused its excellence, and wished to turn it into a code of injustice, and a sanction of all their bad passions. But the triumphant answer to these is, that every thing is liable to abuse; and when did the abuse of the most precious and best of things lead us to the conclusion that they were in their own nature bad? Our Saviour himself declared it: the whole Law and the Prophets, the entire body of these sacred books, all inculcate the same precept, — "Love God and mankind." And must not such writings embrace the truth, — truth adapted to all times and ages? Must they not constitute the ever-living words of the Holy Spirit?

While making these reflections, I renewed my intention of identifying with religion all my thoughts concerning human affairs, all my opinions on the progress of civilization, my philanthropy, love of my country, — in short, all the passions of my mind.

The few days in which I remained subjected to cynicism did me a great deal of harm. I long felt its effects, and had much difficulty in removing them. Whenever man yields in the least to the temptation of degrading his intellect, of regard-

ing the works of God through the infernal medium of scorn, or of abandoning the beneficent exercise of prayer, the injury which he inflicts on his natural reason prepares him to fall again with but little struggle. For a period of several weeks, I was almost daily assaulted by strong tendencies to doubt and disbelief; and I exerted all the power of my mind to free myself from their grasp.

When these mental struggles ceased, and I had again become habituated to reverence the Deity in all my thoughts and feelings, I enjoyed, for some time, the most unbroken serenity and peace. The examinations to which I was every two or three days subjected by the special commission, however tormenting, no longer produced lasting anxiety. In this arduous position, I succeeded in discharging all which integrity and friendship required of me; and I left the rest to the will of God. I also resumed my utmost efforts to guard against the effects of any sudden surprise, every emotion and passion, and every imaginable misfortune; a kind of preparation for future trials, of the greatest utility.

My solitude, meantime, grew more oppressive. Two sons of the jailer, whom I had been in the habit of seeing at brief intervals, were sent to school; and I saw them no more. The mother and the sister, who had been accustomed when

with the boys to speak to me, never came near me, except to bring my coffee. About the mother I cared very little; but the daughter, though rather plain, had something so pleasing and gentle, both in her words and looks, that I greatly felt the loss of them. Whenever she brought the coffee, and said, "It was I who made it," I always thought it excellent; but when she observed, "This is my mother's making," it lost all its relish.

Being almost deprived of human society, I one day made acquaintance with some ants upon my window. I fed them: they went away; and, ere long, the place was thronged with these little insects, as if they came by invitation. A spider, too, had weaved a noble edifice upon my walls; and I often gave him a feast of gnats or flies, which were extremely annoying to me, and which he liked much better than I did. I got quite accustomed to the sight of him: he would run over

my bed, and come and take the precious morsels out of my hand. Would to Heaven these had been the only insects which visited my abode! It was still summer, and the gnats had begun to multiply to a prodigious and alarming extent. The previous winter had been remarkably mild; and, after the prevalence of the March winds, extreme heat followed. It is impossible to convey an idea of the insufferable oppression of the air in the place I occupied. Opposed directly to a noontide sun, under a leaden roof, and with a window looking on the roof of St. Mark, which cast a tremendous reflection of heat, I was nearly suffocated. I had never conceived an idea of a punishment so intolerable: add to this the clouds of gnats, which, spite of my utmost efforts, covered every article of furniture in the room, till even the walls and ceiling seemed alive with them, and I had some apprehension of being devoured alive. The stings of these creatures were extremely painful; and when I was thus pierced from morning till night, only to undergo the same operation from day to day, and was engaged the whole time in attempts to diminish their numbers, some idea may be formed of the state both of my body and mind.

I felt the full force of such a scourge, yet was unable to obtain a change of dungeon, till at length I was tempted to rid myself of life, and

had great fears of losing my mind. But, thanks be to God, these thoughts were not of long duration; and religion continued to sustain me. It taught me that man should suffer, and suffer with courage; it taught me to experience a sort of pleasure in my troubles; to resist and to vanquish in the battle appointed me by Heaven. "The more unhappy," I said to myself, "my life may become, the less will I yield to my fate, even though I should be condemned in the morning of my life to the scaffold. Without these preliminary and chastening trials, perhaps I should meet death in an unworthy manner. Do I know, moreover, that I possess those virtues and qualities which deserve prosperity? Where and what are they?" Then, seriously examining into my past conduct, I found too little good on which to pride myself: the chief part was a tissue of vanity, and the exterior of virtue. "Unworthy, therefore, as I am, let me suffer! If it be intended that men and gnats should destroy me, unjustly or otherwise, let me acknowledge in them the instruments of a divine justice, and be silent."

Does man stand in need of compulsion, before he can be brought to humble himself with sincerity, — to look upon himself as a sinner? Is it not too true that in general we dissipate our youth in vanity, and, instead of employing all our faculties in the acquisition of what is good, make them the

instruments of our degradation? There are, doubtless, exceptions; but, I confess, they cannot apply to a wretched individual like myself. There is no merit in being thus dissatisfied with myself: when we see a lamp which emits more smoke than flame, it requires no great sincerity to say, that it does not burn as it should.

Yes, without any degradation, without any scruples of hypocrisy, and viewing myself with perfect tranquillity of mind, I perceived that I had merited the chastisement of my God. An internal monitor told me, that such chastisements were amply due for one fault or another; they assisted in winning me back to Him who is perfect, and whom every human being, as far as his limited powers will admit, is bound to imitate. By what right, while constrained to condemn myself for innumerable offences and forgetfulness towards God, could I complain, because some men appeared to me despicable, and others wicked? What if I were deprived of all worldly advantages, and was doomed to linger in prison, or to die a violent death? I sought to impress on my mind reflections like these, at once so just and so applicable; and, this being done, I found it was necessary to be consistent, and that I could be so in no other manner than by sanctifying the upright judgments of the Almighty, by loving Him, and eradicating in myself every wish op-

posed to His will. The better to persevere in my intention, I determined in future carefully to revolve in mind all my opinions, and commit them to writing. The difficulty was, that the commission, while permitting me to have the use of ink and paper, counted out the leaves, with an express prohibition that I should not destroy a single one, and reserved the power of examining in what manner I had employed them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the simple stratagem of smoothing with a piece of glass a rude table which I had; and upon this I daily wrote my long meditations respecting the duties of mankind, and especially of those which applied to myself. It is no exaggeration to say, that the hours so employed were sometimes delightful to me, notwithstanding the difficulty of breathing which I experienced from the excessive heat, to say nothing of the bitterly painful wounds, small though they were, of those poisonous gnats. To defend myself from the countless numbers of these tormentors, I was compelled, in spite of the heat, to wrap my head and my legs in thick cloth, and not only to write with gloves on, but to bandage my wrists to prevent the intruders from creeping up my sleeves.

Meditations like mine assumed somewhat of a biographical character. I gave an account of all the good and the evil which had grown up

with me from my earliest youth, discussing them within myself, attempting to resolve every doubt, and arranging, to the best of my power, the various kinds of knowledge I had acquired, and my ideas upon every subject. When the whole surface of the table was covered with my lucubrations, I perused and reperused them, meditated on what I had already meditated, and at length resolved, however unwillingly, to scrape out all I had done with the glass, in order to have a clean surface on which to recommence my operations.

From that time I continued the narrative of my experience of good and evil, always relieved by digressions of every kind, by some analysis of this or that point, whether in metaphysics, morals, politics, or religion; and, when the whole was complete, I again began to read, and re-read, and, lastly, to scrape out again. Being anxious to avoid every chance of interruption, or of impediment to my repeating with the greatest possible freedom the facts I had recorded, and my opinions upon them, I took care to transpose and abbreviate the words in such a manner as to run no risk from the most inquisitorial visit. No search, however, was made; and no one was aware that I was spending my miserable prison-hours to so

good a purpose. Whenever I heard the jailer or others open the door, I covered my little table with a cloth, and placed upon it the inkstand, with the *lawful* quantity of state paper by its side.

CHAPTER X.

Composition of poems. — Angiola, the jailer's daughter. — Her frankness and simplicity.

STILL I did not wholly neglect the paper put into my hands, and sometimes devoted an entire day or night to writing. But here I only treated of literary matters. I composed at this time the "Ester d'Engaddi," the "Iginia d' Asti," and the poems entitled "Tancreda," "Rosilde," "Eligi e Valafrido," "Adello;" besides several sketches of tragedies, and other productions, in the list of which was a poem on the "Lombard League," and another on "Christopher Columbus."

As it was not always so easy an affair to get a renewal of paper, I was in the habit of making my rough drafts on my table, or on the wrapping-paper in which I received fruit and other articles. At times I would give away my dinner to the under-jailer, telling him that I had no appetite, and then requesting from him the favor of a sheet of paper. This was, however, only in certain exigencies, when my little table was full of writing, and I had not yet determined on erasing it.

I was often very hungry; and, though the jailer had money of mine in his possession, I did not ask him to bring me any thing to eat, partly lest he should suspect I had given away my dinner, and partly that the under-jailer might not find out that I had deceived him, when I assured him of my loss of appetite. In the evening I regaled myself with some strong coffee, and I entreated that it might be made by *la Siora Zanze.** This was the jailer's daughter, who, if she could escape the lynx-eye of her sour mamma, was good enough to make it exceedingly strong, — so strong, indeed, that, taken upon an empty stomach, it produced a kind of intoxication which kept me awake the whole night.

In this state of gentle inebriation, I felt my intellectual faculties strangely invigorated: I wrote poetry, philosophized, and prayed till morning with feelings of real pleasure. I then became completely exhausted, threw myself on my bed, and, spite of the gnats that were continually sucking my blood, slept an hour or two in profound rest.

I can hardly describe this peculiar and pleasing exaltation of mind, which continued for nights together; and I left no means untried to

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* La Signora Angiola.

secure the same means of continuing it. With this view, I still refused to touch a mouthful of dinner, even when I was in no want of paper, in order to obtain my magic beverage for the evening.

How fortunate I thought myself when I succeeded! Very frequently the coffee was not made by the gentle Angiola; and it was always wretched stuff from her mother's hands. When this was so, I was sadly ill-humored; for, instead of the electrical effect on my nerves, it made me languid, weak, and hungry: I threw myself down to sleep, but was unable to close an eye. On these occasions, I complained bitterly to Angiola, the jailer's daughter; and one day, as if she had been in fault, I scolded her so sharply, that the poor girl began to weep, sobbing out, "Indeed, sir, I never deceived anybody, and yet everybody calls me a deceitful little minx."

"Everybody! Oh, then, I see I am not the only one driven to distraction by your wretched slops!"

"I do not mean to say that, sir. Ah! if you only knew, — if I dared to tell you all that my poor, wretched heart" ——

"Well, do not cry so! What is all this ado? I beg your pardon, you see, if I scold you. Indeed, I believe you would not, you could not, make me such bad coffee as this."

"Dear me! I am not crying about that, sir."

"You are not!" and my self-love was not a little mortified, though I forced a smile. "Are you crying, then, because I scolded you; and yet not about the coffee?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Ah! then, who called you a little deceitful one before?"

"*He* did, sir."

"*He* did! and who is *he?*"

"My lover, sir;" and she hid her face in her little hands. Afterwards, she ingenuously intrusted to my keeping, and I could not well betray her, a little serio-comic kind of pastoral romance, which really interested me.

From that day forth, I knew not why, I became the adviser and confidant of this young girl, who returned, and conversed with me for hours. She at first said, "You are so good, sir, that I feel just the same when I am here, as if I were your own daughter."

"That is a very poor compliment," replied I, dropping her hand: "I am hardly thirty-two years old, and yet you look upon me as if I were your father."

"No, no, not so; I mean as a brother, to be sure:" and she insisted upon taking hold of my

hand with an air of the most innocent confidence and affection.

"I am glad," thought I to myself, "that you are no beauty; else, alas! this innocent familiarity might chance to disconcert me." At other times I thought, it is fortunate she is so young, there can be no danger of becoming attached to a girl of her years. At other times, however, I was a little uneasy, from a fear that I had been mistaken in considering her plain; whereas her whole shape and features were by no means wanting in proportion or expression. "If she were not quite so pale," I said, "and her face free from those freckles, she might really pass for a beauty." It is impossible, in fact, not to find some charm in the presence, looks, and voice of a young girl full of vivacity and affection. I had not taken the least pains to acquire her good-will; yet I was as dear to her as a father or a brother, whichever title I preferred. And why? because she had read "Francesca da Rimini" and "Eufemio;" and my poems, she said, had made her weep so often: besides, I was a solitary prisoner, without having, as she observed, either robbed or murdered anybody.

In short, when I had become attached to poor Maddalene, without once seeing her, how was it likely that I could remain indifferent to the sis-

terly assiduity, to the thousand pleasing little compliments, and to the most delicious cups of coffee of this young Venetian girl, my gentle little jailer!* I should be an impostor, were I to attribute to my own prudence the fact of my not being in love with Angiola. I was not so, simply because she already had a lover of her own choosing, to whom she was passionately, unalterably attached. Heaven help me! had it been otherwise, it would have been a very *critical* position, indeed, for an author, with so little to engross his attention.

The sentiment I felt for her was not, then, what is called love. I wished to see her happy, and that she might be united to the lover of her choice. I was not jealous, nor had I the remotest idea she could ever select me as the object of her regard. Still, when I heard my prison-door open, my heart began to beat with the hope it was Angiola; and, if she appeared not, I experienced a peculiar kind of vexation; but, when she really came, my heart throbbed yet more violently, from a feeling of pure joy. Her parents, who had begun to entertain a good opinion of me, and knew of her passionate regard for another, offered no opposition to the visits she thus made me, permitting her almost invariably to

* "Venezianina adolescente sbirra?"

bring my coffee in the morning, and not unfrequently in the evening.

There was a mingled simplicity and affectionateness in every word, look, and gesture, which made her really captivating. She would say, "I am so much in love with another, and yet I take such delight in being near you! When I am not in *his* company, I like being nowhere so well as here."

"And don't you know why?"

"I do not."

"I will tell you, then. It is because I permit you to talk about your lover."

"That is a good guess; yet still I think it is likewise because I esteem you so very much!"

Poor girl! with this pretty frankness, she had that blessed sin of taking me by the hand, and pressing it fondly, not perceiving that she at once pleased and disturbed me by her affectionate manner. But, thanks be to Heaven, I can always recall to mind this angel, without the least tinge of remorse!

The following portion of my narrative would assuredly have been more interesting, if the gentle Angiola had been in love with me, or if at least I had gone half mad for her. Yet that

simple good-will which united us was more precious to me than love. And if, sometimes, I felt there was the least risk of its changing its nature in my foolish heart, it produced sincere regret.

Once, apprehensive that this would happen, and finding her, to my sorrow, a hundred times more beautiful than I had at first imagined; feeling, too, so very melancholy when she was absent, so joyous when near, — I undertook to play the *unamiable*, with the idea that this would remove all danger by causing her to cease indulging the same affectionate and familiar manner. This innocent stratagem was tried in vain, the poor girl was so patient, so full of compassion for me. She would look at me in silence, with her elbow resting upon the window, and say, after a long pause, "I see, sir, you are tired of my company; yet *I* would stay here the whole day if I could, merely to keep the hours from hanging so heavy upon you. This ill-humor is the natural effect of your long solitude: if you were able to chat awhile, you would be quite well again. If you don't like to talk, I will talk for you."

"About your lover, eh?"

"No, no; not always about him. I can talk of many things."

She then began to give me some extracts from

the household annals, dwelling upon the sharp temper of her mother, her good-natured father, and the monkey-tricks of her little brothers; and she told all this with a simple grace and innocent frankness not a little alluring. Yet I was pretty near the truth; for, without being aware of it, she uniformly concluded with the one favorite theme, — her unfortunate love. Still I continued to act the part of the *unamiable*, hoping she would be displeased by it. But, whether from inadvertency or design, she would not take the hint; and I was fairly compelled at last to give up, contented to let her have her way, smiling, sympathizing with, and thanking her for her sweet patience with me.

I no longer indulged the ungracious idea of displeasing her; and, by degrees, all my other fears were allayed. Assuredly I had not been in love: I long examined into the nature of my scruples, wrote down my reflections upon the subject, and derived no little advantage from the process.

Man often terrifies himself by mere bugbears of the mind. If we would learn not to fear them, we have but to examine them closely and attentively. What harm, then, if I looked forward to her visits with a tender anxiety, if I appreciated their sweetness, if it did me good to be compassionated by her, and to interchange all our

thoughts and feelings, as pure as those of childhood! Even her most affectionate looks and smiles, and pressures of the hand, while they agitated me, produced a feeling of salutary respect, mingled with compassion. One evening, I remember, when she was suffering under a sad misfortune, the poor girl threw her arms round my neck, and wept as if her heart would break. She had not the least thought of impropriety: no daughter could embrace a father with more perfect innocence and unsuspecting affection. I could not, however, reflect upon that embrace without feeling somewhat agitated. It often recurred to my imagination, and then I could think of no other subject.

On another occasion of a similar burst of confidence, I was obliged to disentangle myself from her dear arms, ere I once pressed her to my bosom, or gave her a single kiss, while I stammered out, "I pray you, now, sweet Angiola, do not ever embrace me again: it is not quite proper." She fixed her eyes upon me for a moment, then cast them down, while a blush suffused her ingenuous countenance; and I am sure it was the first time that she read in my mind

even the possibility of any weakness in reference to her. Still she did not cease to continue her visits upon the same friendly footing, with a little more reserve and respect, such as I wished it to be; and I was grateful to her for it.

CHAPTER XI.

Angiola's religious nature. — She becomes sick, and is taken into the country. — Her influence on Pellico.

I AM unable to form an estimate of the evils which afflict others; but, as respects myself, I must confess, that, after close examination, I found that no sufferings had been appointed to me, except for some wise end, and for my own advantage. It was thus even with the excessive heat which oppressed, and the gnats which tormented me. Often I have reflected, that, but for this continual suffering, I might not have successfully resisted the temptation to fall in love, and with one whose extremely affectionate and ardent feelings would have made it difficult to preserve a love sufficiently respectful. If sometimes I had reason to tremble, situated as I was, how should I have been able to regulate my imagination in a more agreeable atmosphere, suited to enjoyment?

Considering the imprudence of Angiola's parents, who reposed such confidence in me; the imprudence of the poor girl herself, who had no suspicion of causing any culpable folly on my part; and considering, also, the little steadfast-

ness of my virtue, — there can be no doubt that the suffocating heat of my great oven, and the cruel warfare of the gnats, were effectual safeguards to us both.

Such reflections reconciled me somewhat to these scourges; and then I asked myself, "Would you consent to become free, and take possession of some handsome apartment, filled with flowers and fresh air, on condition of never more seeing this affectionate being?" Shall I own the truth? I had not courage to answer this simple question.

When you really feel interested towards another, it is indescribable what mere trifles are capable of conferring pleasure. A single word from Angiola, a smile, a tear, a Venetian grace of expression, her eagerness in protecting me from my enemies the gnats, all inspired me with a childish delight that lasted the whole day. What most gratified me was to see that her own sufferings seemed to be relieved by conversing with me; that my compassion consoled her, that my advice influenced her; and that her heart was susceptible of the warmest devotion, when we spoke of virtue and its great Author.

When we had sometimes discussed the subject of religion, she would observe, "I find that I can now pray with more willingness and more faith than I did." At other times, suddenly breaking off from some frivolous topic, she took the Bible,

opened it, pressed her lips to it, and then begged of me to translate some passage, and give my comments. She added, "I could wish that every time you happen to recur to this passage, you would remember that I have kissed and kissed it again."

It was not always, indeed, that her kisses fell appropriately, especially if she happened to open at the Song of Solomon. Then, in order to spare her blushes, I took advantage of her ignorance of Latin, and made use of expressions which, without detracting from the sacredness of the Bible, also served to respect her innocence. On such occasions, I never permitted myself to smile: at the same time, I was not a little perplexed, when, not rightly comprehending my new version, she entreated me to translate the whole, word for word, and would by no means let me escape to another subject.

Nothing is durable here below! Angiola fell sick; and, on one of the first days of her indisposition, she came to see me, complaining bitterly of pains in her head. She wept, too, and would not explain the cause of her grief. She only murmured something that seemed like reproaches of her lover. "He is a villain!" she said; "but may God forgive him as I do!"

Though I left no means untried to obtain her confidence, she was reserved towards me for the first time, and I was quite unable to ascertain what made her so unhappy. "I will return to-morrow morning," she said, one evening on parting from me: "I will indeed." But the next morning came, and my coffee was brought by her mother; the next, and the next, by the under-jailers; and Angiola continued seriously ill. The under-jailers also brought me very unpleasant tidings relating to her love-affair, — tidings, in short, which made me deeply sympathize with her sufferings. A seduction? But, perhaps, it was the tale of calumny. Alas! I but too well believed it, and was affected at it more than I can express, though I still like to flatter myself that it was false. After upwards of a month's illness, the poor girl was taken into the country; and I saw her no more.

It is astonishing how deeply I felt this deprivation, and how much more horrible my solitude now became. Still more bitter was the reflection, that she, who had so tenderly fed and watched and visited me in my sad prison, supplying every want and wish within her power, was herself a prey to sorrow and misfortune; and that I could make her no return. But surely she would be-

lieve how truly I sympathized with her; that there is no effort I would not make to procure her comfort and relief; and that I should never cease to offer up my prayers for her, and to bless her for her goodness to a wretched prisoner.

Though her visits had been too brief, they sufficed to break upon the horrid monotony of my solitude. By comparing our ideas, I obtained new views and feelings, which excited in me some of the best and sweetest affections, gave a zest to life, and even shed a sort of lustre round my misfortunes.

Suddenly the vision fled, and my dungeon became to me like a living tomb. A strange sadness for many days quite oppressed me; I could not even write: it was a dark, quiet, nameless feeling, in no way partaking of the violence and irritation which I had before experienced. Was it that I had become more inured to adversity, more philosophical, more of a Christian? Or was it only that the extremely enervating heat of my dungeon had so prostrated my powers, that I could no longer feel the pangs of excessive grief? Ah, no! for I well recollect that I suffered intensely in my inmost soul; and, perhaps, more intensely from the want both of will and power to give vent to it by groans and cries. Truly, I believe that I had been severely schooled by my past sufferings, and

was resigned to the will of God. I had so often maintained that it was a mark of cowardice to complain, that, at last, I succeeded in restraining my passion when just ready to break forth, and felt vexed when I had permitted it to obtain any ascendency over me.

My mental faculties were strengthened by the habit of writing down my thoughts; and, freed from all vanity, I reduced the chief part of my reasonings to these conclusions: There is a God: therefore there is unerring justice; then whatever happens is ordained for the best; consequently, the sufferings of man on earth are for the good of man.

Thus my acquaintance with Angiola had proved beneficial, by soothing and conciliating my feelings. Her good opinion had urged me to the fulfilment of many duties, especially that of proving one's self superior to the shocks of fortune, and of suffering in patience. By exerting myself to persevere for some months, I became perfectly resigned.

Angiola had only twice seen me in a passion: once, as I have stated, on account of the bad coffee; and a second time as follows:—

Every two or three weeks, the jailer had brought me a letter from some of my family. It was previously submitted to the Commission, and most roughly handled, as was too evident by the

number of erasures in the blackest ink, which appeared throughout. One day, however, instead of merely striking out a few passages, they drew the black line over the entire letter, with the exception of the words, "*My Dearest Silvio*," at the beginning, and the parting salutation at the close, "*All unite in kindest love to you.*"

This act threw me into such an uncontrollable fit of passion, that, in presence of the gentle Angiola, I broke forth into violent shouts of rage, and cursed I knew not whom. The poor girl pitied me from her heart; but, at the same time, reminded me of the strange inconsistency of my principles. I saw that she had reason on her side, and I ceased from uttering my maledictions.

CHAPTER XII.

An under-jailer's opinion of Angiola. — He delivers a letter to Pellico from an admirer of his works. — Pellico answers Julian's letter.

ONE day one of the under-jailers entered my prison with a mysterious look, and said, "When the Siora Zanze [Angiola] was here, she used to bring you your coffee. She stopped a good while to converse with you; and I was afraid the cunning one would find out all your secrets, sir."

"Not one," I replied, in great anger: "if I had any, I should not be such a fool as to suffer them to be drawn from me. Go on."

"Beg pardon, sir; it is not for me to call you by such a name. But I never trusted to that Siora Zanze. And now, sir, as you have no longer any one to keep you company, — I trust I"—

"What? explain yourself at once."

"Swear first that you will not betray me."

"Well, I can do that conscientiously: I never betrayed any one."

"Do you earnestly say you will swear?"

"Yes: I swear not to betray you. But what a

fool to doubt it! for any one capable of betraying will not scruple to violate an oath."

He took a letter from his coat-lining, and gave it me with a trembling hand, beseeching me to destroy it the moment I had read it.

"Stop," I cried, opening it: "I will read and destroy it while you are here."

"But, sir, you must answer it, and I cannot wait now. Do it at your leisure. Only take heed: when you hear any one coming, you will know if it be I by my singing the tune, *Sognai, mi gera un gato.** Then you need fear nothing, and may keep the letter quietly in your pocket. But, should you not hear this song, it will be a sign either that it is not I or that some one is with me. Then, in a moment, out with it: don't trust to any concealment for fear of a search; out with it, tear it into a thousand bits, and throw it through the window."

"Depend on me. I see you are prudent: I will be so too."

"Yet you have called me a fool."

"You do right to reproach me," I replied, shaking him by the hand; "and I beg your pardon." He went away, and I began to read:—

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* I dreamt I was a cat.

"I am [and here followed the name] one of your admirers; I know the whole of your 'Francesca da Rimini' by heart. They arrested me for — [and here he gave the reason with the date]; and I would give I know not how many pounds of my blood to have the pleasure of being with you, or at least be in a dungeon near yours, so that we might converse together. Since I heard from Tremerello, — so we shall call our confidant, — that you, sir, were a prisoner, and the cause of your arrest, I have longed to tell you how deeply I lament your misfortune, and that no one can feel greater attachment to you than myself. Have you any objection to accept the offer I make; namely, that we should try to lighten the burden of our solitude by writing to each other? I pledge you my honor, that not a being shall ever hear of our correspondence from me, and am persuaded that I may count upon the same secresy on your part, if you adopt my plan. Meantime, that you may have some knowledge of me, I will give you an abstract from my life." — (It followed.)

The reader, however deficient in the imaginative organ, may easily conceive the electric effect of such a letter upon the nerves of a poor prisoner, not of the most unsocial disposition, and possessing an affectionate and gregarious turn of mind. I already felt an affection for the un-

known: I pitied his misfortunes, and was grateful for the kind expressions he made use of. "Yes," I exclaimed, "your generous purpose shall be effected. I wish my letters may afford you consolation equal to that which I shall derive from yours."

I reperused his letter with almost boyish delight, and blessed the writer. There was not an expression which did not exhibit evidence of a clear and noble mind.

The sun was setting; it was my hour of prayer; I felt the presence of God. How sincere was my gratitude for his providing me with new means of exercising the faculties of my mind! How it revived my recollection of all the invaluable blessings he had bestowed upon me!

I stood before the window, with my arms between the bars, and my hands folded: the church of St. Mark lay below me; an immense flock of pigeons, free as the air, were flying about, coo-

ing and billing, or busied in constructing their nests upon the leaden roof; the heavens, in their magnificence, were before me; I surveyed all that part of Venice which was visible from my prison; a distant murmur of human voices broke sweetly on my ear. From this vast, unhappy prison-house did I hold communion with Him whose eyes alone beheld me. To him I commended my father, my mother, and, individually, all those most dear to me; and it seemed as if I heard him reply, "Confide in my goodness," and I exclaimed, "Thy goodness assures me."

I concluded my prayer with much emotion, greatly comforted, and little caring for the bites of the gnats, which had been feasting upon me. The same evening, my mind, after such exaltation, beginning to grow calmer, I found the torment from the gnats becoming insufferable; and, while engaged in wrapping up my hands and face, a vulgar and malignant thought suddenly entered my mind, which horrified me, and which I vainly attempted to banish.

Tremerello had insinuated a vile suspicion respecting Angiola; that, in short, she was a spy upon my secret opinions. She, — that noble-hearted creature, who knew nothing of politics, and wished to know nothing of them!

It was impossible for me to suspect her; "but have I," I asked myself, "the same certainty

respecting Tremerello? Suppose that rogue should be the bribed instrument of secret informers; suppose the letter had been fabricated by some one unknown, to induce me to make important disclosures to my new friend? Perhaps his pretended prisoner does not exist; or, if so, he may be a traitor, eager to find out secrets in order to make his own terms: perhaps he is a man of honor, and Tremerello himself the traitor, who aims at our destruction in order to gain an additional salary."

Oh base thought, yet only too natural to the unhappy prisoner, on every side in fear of enmity and fraud!

Such suspicions tormented and grieved me. I did not entertain them as regarded Angiola a single moment. Yet, from what Tremerello had said, a kind of doubt clung to me as to the conduct of those who had permitted her to come into my apartment. Had they, either from their own zeal or by superior authority, given her the office of a spy? If so, how ill had she discharged such an office!

But what was I to do respecting the letter of the unknown? Should I adopt the severe, repulsive counsels of that fear which we call prudence? "Shall I return the letter to Tremerello, and tell him I do not wish to take any risk? Yet suppose there should be no treason, and the unknown be a truly worthy character, deserving that I should

venture something, if only to relieve the horrors of his solitude? Coward as I am, standing on the brink of death, the fatal decree ready to be pronounced at any moment, yet refuse to perform a simple act of love! Reply to him I must and will. But should it be discovered, even though no one can fairly be accused of writing the letter, poor Tremerello would assuredly meet with the severest chastisement. Is not this consideration of itself sufficient to decide me against undertaking any clandestine correspondence? Is it not my absolute duty to decline it?"

I was agitated the whole evening. I did not close my eyes that night; and, amidst so many conflicting doubts, I knew not on what to resolve.

I sprang from my bed before dawn, mounted upon the window-place, and offered up my prayers. In trying circumstances, it is necessary to appeal with confidence to God, to listen to His inspirations, and follow them.

This I did; and, after long prayer, I came down, shook off the gnats, rubbed my bitten cheeks with my hands, and came to the determination to explain my apprehensions to Tremerello, and warn him of the great danger to which he himself was exposed by bearing letters; to renounce the plan if he wavered, and to accept it if its terrors did not deter him. I walked

about till I heard the words of the song, *Sognai mi gera un gato, E ti me carezzavi.** It was Tremerello bringing my coffee. I acquainted him with my scruples, and spared nothing to excite his fears. I found him stanch in his desire to serve, as he said, two such complete gentlemen. This was strangely at variance with the sheep's face he wore, and the name we had just given him.† Therefore, I was as firm on my part.

"I shall leave you my wine," said I, "and do you find me the paper necessary to carry on this correspondence; and rely on it, if any one comes without the warning song, I will destroy every suspicious writing."

"Here is a sheet of paper ready for you. I will give you more whenever you wish, and am perfectly satisfied of your prudence."

I drank my coffee hastily: Tremerello left me, and I sat down to write. Did I do well? Was the motive really approved by God? Was it not rather the triumph of my natural courage, of my preference of that which pleased me to painful sacrifices? Mingled with this, was a

* I dreamt I was a cat, and you caressed me.

† Tremerello, or the little trembler.

proud satisfaction in the esteem expressed towards me by the unknown, and a fear of appearing cowardly, if I were to adhere to silence, and decline a correspondence so fraught with peril. How was I to solve these doubts? I explained them frankly to my fellow-prisoner in replying to him; adding, nevertheless, as my opinion, that if any thing were undertaken from good motives, and without the least repugnance of conscience, there could be no fear of blame. I advised him, at the same time, to reflect seriously upon the subject, and to express clearly with what degree of tranquillity or of anxiety he was prepared to engage in it. Moreover, if, on reconsideration, he considered the plan too dangerous, we ought to have firmness enough to renounce the solace we promised ourselves in such a correspondence, and to rest satisfied with the acquaintance we had formed, the mutual pleasure we had already derived, and the unalterable good-will we felt towards each other, which resulted from it. I filled four pages with my explanations, and with expressions of the warmest friendship; briefly alluded to the subject of my imprisonment; spoke of my family as well as of some of my friends with enthusiastic love; and aimed to draw a full picture of my mind and character.

In the evening I sent the letter. I had not

slept during the preceding night; and, being completely exhausted, soon fell into a profound sleep, from which I awoke on the ensuing morning refreshed, and comparatively happy. I was in hourly expectation of receiving my new friend's answer, and I felt at once anxious and pleased at the idea.

CHAPTER XIII.

Julian's second letter. — Pellico, in anger, tears it into fragments, but replies in a kindly manner. — His answer meets with Julian's contempt.

THE answer was brought with my coffee. I welcomed Tremerello, and, embracing him, exclaimed, "May God reward you for this goodness!" My suspicions had fled: perhaps because they were hateful to me; or because, making a point of never speaking imprudently of politics, they appeared useless; or because, with all my admiration for the genius of Tacitus, I never had much faith in the propriety of looking, as he does, upon every object on the dark side. Julian, as the writer signed himself, began his letter with the usual compliments, and informed me that he felt not the least anxiety in entering on the correspondence. He rallied me upon my hesitation; occasionally assumed a tone of irony; and then more seriously declared that it had given him no little pain to observe in me "a certain scrupulous wavering, and a subtilty of conscience, which, however Christian-like, was little in accordance with true philosophy." — "I

shall continue to esteem you," he added, "though we should not agree on that point; for I am bound in all sincerity to inform you, that I have no religion, that I abhor all creeds, and that I assume, from a feeling of modesty, the name of Julian, from the circumstance of that good emperor's having been so decided an enemy of the Christians, though in fact I go much further than he did. The sceptred Julian believed in God, and had his own superstitions. I have none: I believe not in a God, but regard all virtue as love of truth, and hatred of such as do not please me." There was no reasoning in what he said. He inveighed bitterly against Christianity; made an idol of wordly honor and virtue; and, in a half-serious and jocular vein, took on himself to pronounce the emperor Julian's eulogium for his apostasy, and for his philanthropic efforts to eradicate all traces of the gospel from the face of the earth.

Apprehending that he had thus given too severe a shock to my opinions, he asked my pardon, attempting to excuse himself on the ground of perfect sincerity. Reiterating his extreme wish to enter into more friendly relations with me, he then bade me farewell.

In a postscript, he added: "I have no sort of scruples, except a fear of not having made myself sufficiently understood. I ought not to con-

ceal, that to me the Christian language which you employ, appears a mere mask to conceal your real opinions. I wish it may be so; and, in that case, throw off your cloak, as I have set you an example."

I cannot describe the effect this letter had upon me. I had opened it full of hope and ardor: suddenly an icy hand seemed to chill the life-blood of my heart. That sarcasm on my conscientiousness hurt me extremely. I repented of having formed any acquaintance with such a man: for I detested the doctrine of the cynics; considered it wholly unphilosophical, and injurious in its tendency; and despised all kinds of arrogance.

Having read the last word it contained, I took the letter in both hands, and, tearing it directly down the middle, held up a half in each, like an executioner employed in exposing it to public scorn.

I kept my eye fixed on the pieces, meditating for a moment upon the inconsistency and fallacy of human things. I had just before eagerly desired to obtain that which I now tore with disdain. I hoped to have found a companion in misfortune, and how highly I should have valued

his friendship! Now I called him insolent, arrogant, an atheist, and self-condemned.

I repeated the same operation, dividing the members of the guilty letter again and again; till, happening to cast my eye on a piece remaining in my hand, which expressed some better sentiments, I changed my intention, and, collecting together the scattered members, ingeniously pieced them with the view of reading it once more. I sat down, placed them on my great Bible, and examined the whole. I then got up, walked about, read again, and thought thus: "If I do not answer, he will think he has terrified me at the mere appearance of such a philosophical hero, — a very Hercules in his own estimation. Let me show him, with all due courtesy, that I do not fear to confront him and his vicious doctrines, any more than to brave the risk of a correspondence, more dangerous to others than to ourselves. I will teach him that true courage does not consist in ridiculing conscience, and that real dignity does not consist in arrogance and pride. He shall be taught the reasonableness of Christianity, and the insufficiency of unbelief. After all, if this mock Julian states opinions so directly opposite to my own, if he spares not the most biting sarcasm, if he attacks me thus uncourteously, is it not at least a proof that he can be no spy? Yet might not this

be a mere stratagem to draw me into a discussion, by wounding my self-love? No: I am unjust; I smart under his bitter, irreligious jests, and conclude at once that he must be the most infamous of men. Base suspicion, which I have so often decried in others! He may be what he appears, — a presumptuous infidel, but not a spy. Have I even a right to call by the name of insolence, what he considers sincerity. Is this," I continued, "thy humility, O hypocrite? If any one presume to maintain his own opinions, and to question your faith, is he forthwith to be met with contempt and abuse? Is not this worse in a Christian than the bold sincerity of the unbeliever? Perhaps he requires only one ray of divine grace, to enable him to employ his noble love of truth in the cause of true religion, with far greater success than yourself. Were it not, then, more becoming in me to pray for him than to irritate him? Perhaps, while I was employed in destroying his letter with every mark of ignominy, he was reading mine with expressions of kindness and affection; never dreaming I should fly into such passion at his plain and bold sincerity. Is he not the better of the two, to love and esteem me when declaring he is no Christian; while I exclaim, 'I am a Christian, and I detest you'? It is difficult to know a man's character during a long intercourse, yet I would condemn this man

on the evidence of a single letter. He may, perhaps, be unhappy in his atheism, and wish to hear all my arguments, to enable him the better to arrive at the truth. Perhaps, too, I—the humble instrument of a gracious God—may be called to effect so beneficent a work. Oh that it may indeed be so! I will not shrink from the task."

I tore into smaller pieces, but without any remains of anger, the parts of the letter. I went to the window, stretched out my hand, and stopped to observe the fate of the different fragments, which became the sport of the wind. Some rested on the roof of the church; others flew around, and gradually fell to the ground.

They were so scattered that I saw there was no danger of any one's collecting them, and discovering their secrets.

I sat down to write to Julian, and was cautious not to let one irritating word proceed from my pen. I took in good part his reflection on my scruples of conscience, telling him he perhaps gave me too much credit for it, and ought to suspend his good opinion till he knew me better. I praised his sincerity, assuring him that he would find me equal to him in this respect; and that, as a proof of it, I had determined to defend Christianity; "well persuaded," I added, "that, as I shall readily give free scope to your opinions, you will be prepared to give me the same advantage."

I then boldly entered upon my task, arguing my way by degrees, and analyzing with impartiality the essence of Christianity, — the worship of God free from superstitions, the brotherhood of mankind, aspirations after virtue, humility without baseness, dignity without pride, as exemplified in our Divine Saviour! What can be more philosophical and more sublime?

It was next my object to demonstrate, "that this divine wisdom had more or less displayed itself to all those who had by the light of reason sought after the truth, though not generally diffused till the arrival of its great Author upon the earth. He had proved his heavenly mission by effecting the most wonderful and glorious results, through the most humble human means. What the greatest philosophers had in vain attempted — the overthrow of idolatry and the universal preaching of brotherly love — was achieved by a few untutored missionaries. From that era was first dated the emancipation of slaves, no less from bondage of limbs than of mind, until by degrees a civilization without slavery became apparent; a state of society believed, by the ancient philosophers, to be utterly impracticable. A review of history, from the appearance of Christ to the present time, would finally demonstrate, that the religion he established had always been found adapted to all possible grades in civilized society.

For this reason, the assertion that the gospel was no longer in accordance with the continued progress of civilization could not for a moment be maintained."

I wrote in a very small hand, and at great length; but my paper failed, and I could not include all that I had prepared upon the subject. I re-examined the whole carefully. There was not one revengeful, injurious, or repulsive word. Benevolence, toleration, and forbearance were the only weapons I employed against ridicule and sarcasm of every kind; and, after mature deliberation, my sentiments were all dictated from the heart.

I despatched the letter, and in no little anxiety waited the arrival of the next morning, in hopes of a speedy reply.

Tremerello came, and observed, "The gentleman, sir, was not able to write, but entreats you to continue the joke."

"The joke!" I exclaimed. "He could not have said that! you must have mistaken him."

Tremerello shrugged up his shoulders: "I suppose I must, if you say so."

"But did it really seem as if he had said a joke?"

"As plainly as I now hear the sound of St. Mark's clock" (the *Campanone* was just then heard). I drank my coffee, and was silent.

"But, tell me, did he read the whole of the letter?"

"I think he did; for he laughed like a madman, and then, squeezing your letter into a ball, began to throw it about; till, reminding him that he must not forget to destroy it, he did so immediately."

"That is very well."

I then put my coffee cup into Tremerello's hands, observing that it was plain the coffee had been made by the *Siora* Bettina.

"What! is it so bad?"

"Wretched!"

"Well! I made it myself; and I can assure you I made it strong. There were no dregs."

"Perhaps my mouth is out of taste."

CHAPTER XIV.

Pellico is indignant, but repents of his rage, and writes six long letters to Julian; who replies, and the correspondence is concluded.

I WALKED about the whole morning in a rage. "What an abandoned wretch this Julian is! Call my letter a joke! play at ball with it, and not send a single line in reply! But all infidels are alike. They dare not stand the test of argument: they know their weakness, and try to turn it off with a jest. Full of vanity and boasting, they venture not to examine even themselves. They philosophers, indeed! worthy disciples of Democritus, who *did* nothing but laugh, and *was* nothing but a buffoon. I am rightly served, however, for beginning a correspondence like this, and continuing it."

At dinner, Tremerello took up my wine, poured it into a flask, and put it into his pocket, observing, "I see that you are in want of paper;" and he gave me some. He retired; and, as I cast my eye on the paper, I was tempted to sit down, and write Julian a sharp lecture on his intolerable turpitude and presumption, and so take leave of him. But again I repented of my own violence

and uncharitableness, and finally resolved to write another letter, without any exhibition of ill-temper.

I did so, and despatched it without delay. The next morning I received a few lines, simply expressive of the writer's thanks, but without a single jest, or the least invitation to continue the correspondence. Such a billet displeased me. Nevertheless I determined to persevere, and wrote him six long letters, for each of which I received a few laconically expressed lines of thanks, with some declamation against his enemies, and jokes on the abuse he had heaped upon them; asserting it to be natural that the strong should oppress the weak, and regretting that he was not among the former. He also related some of his love-affairs, and observed that they exercised no little sway over his disturbed imagination.

In reply to my last letter on the subject of Christianity, he said he had prepared a long answer; for which I looked in vain, though he wrote to me every day on other topics, — chiefly a tissue of obscenity and folly.

I reminded him of his promise, and recommended him, before he attempted an answer, to weigh carefully the reasonings of which I had made use. He replied to this somewhat angrily, assuming the airs of a philosopher, a man of firmness, one who had no need of brains to distin-

guish "a fire-fly from a lantern."* He then resumed his jocular vein, to enlarge on his experiences in life, especially some very scandalous love-adventures.

I bore this patiently, to give him no cause for accusing me of bigotry or intolerance; hoping that, after the fever of dissolute buffoonery had subsided, he might have some lucid intervals, and listen to common sense. Meantime, I wished him thoroughly to understand that I disapproved of his profane and licentious words, and of his want of respect towards women; and I expressed my compassion for those unhappy ones, who, he informed me, had been his victims.

He pretended to care little about my disapprobation, and repeated, "Spite of your strictures upon immorality, I well know you are amused with the account of my adventures. All men are as fond of pleasure as I am; but they have not the frankness to speak of it without disguise. I will go on till you are quite enchanted, and confess yourself compelled in conscience to applaud me." So he continued from week to week: and I bore with him, partly out of curiosity and partly in expectation of finding some better topic. I can, however, fairly say, that this species of tolerance

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* *Per capire che le lucciole non erano lanterne;* "To know that glowworms are not lanterns."

did me no little harm. I began to lose my respect for pure and noble truths: my thoughts became confused, and my mind disturbed. Intercourse with men of degraded minds is in itself degrading, unless one possesses virtue superior to mine. "This is a proper punishment," said I, "for presuming to assume the office of a missionary without possessing sacredness of character."

One day I determined to write to him as follows: "I have hitherto attempted to call your attention to other subjects, and you persevere in sending me accounts of yourself which displease me. Let us now correspond a little upon worthier matters: otherwise, give the hand of fellowship, and stop where we are."

The two ensuing days no answer came, and I was glad of it. "Blessed solitude!" I exclaimed, "far holier and better art thou than harsh and undignified association with the living. Away with the empty and impious vanities of such a world! I have studied it enough; let me return to my communion with God, — to the dear recollections of my family and my true friends. I will read my Bible oftener than I have done; I will again write down my thoughts, trying to improve them, and taste the pleasure of innocent sorrow, — a thousand times preferable to vulgar and wicked imaginations."

Whenever Tremerello entered my room, he

was in the habit of saying, "I have got no answer yet."

"It is all right," was my reply.

About the third day from this, he said, with a serious look, "Signor N. N. is somewhat indisposed."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He does not say; but he has taken to his bed, neither eats nor drinks, and is sadly out of humor."

I was touched: he was suffering, and had no one to console him.

"I will write him a few lines," exclaimed I.

"I will take them this evening, then," said Tremerello; and he went out.

I was a little perplexed on sitting down to my table. "Am I right in resuming this correspondence? Was I not, just now, praising solitude as a treasure newly found? What inconsistency this is! Ah! but he neither eats nor drinks, and I fear must be very ill. Is it, then, a moment to abandon him? My last letter was severe, and may have caused him pain. Perhaps, notwithstanding our different ways of thinking, he did not wish to end our correspondence. He has thought my letter more unkind than it was, and considered it an absolute and contemptuous dismission."

I sat down, and wrote as follows:—

"I hear that you are not well, and I am extremely sorry for it. I wish I were with you, and enabled to assist you as a friend. I hope your illness is the sole cause why you have not written to me during the last three days. Did you take offence at my strictures the other day? Believe me, they were dictated by no ill-will, but with the simple design of drawing your attention to more serious subjects. Should it be injurious for you to write, send me an exact account, by word, of your health. You shall hear from me every day; and I will try to say something to amuse you, and to show you that I really wish you well."

Imagine my unfeigned surprise when I received an answer, couched in these terms: —

"I renounce your friendship: if you are at a loss how to estimate mine, I return the compliment in its full force. I am not a man to put up with injurious treatment: once rejected, I never return. Because you heard I was unwell, you approach me with a hypocritical air, hoping that illness may have weakened my mind, and may induce me to listen to your preaching. . . . "

In this way he rambled on, reproaching me in the most revolting terms, and turning every thing I had said into ridicule and burlesque. He assured me that he knew how to live and die with consistency: that is to say, with the

utmost hatred and contempt for all philosophical creeds differing from his own. I was dismayed!

"A pretty conversion I have made!" I exclaimed; "yet God is my witness that my motives were pure. I have done nothing to merit an attack like this. But patience! I am again undeceived, and am not called upon to do more."

After a few days, I became less angry, and thought that this bitterness might have resulted from some excitement which would pass away. Probably he repents, yet scorns to confess himself wrong. In such a state of mind, it might be generous of me to write to him once more. It was a great sacrifice of self-love; but I made it. To humble one's self for a good purpose is not degrading, with whatever degree of unjust contempt it may be returned.

I received a reply less violent, but not less insulting. The implacable patient declared that he admired my evangelical moderation. "Now, therefore," he continued, "let us resume our correspondence; but let us speak plainly out. We do not like each other; but we will write, each for his own amusement, setting down every thing which may come into our heads. You may tell me your seraphic visions and revelations, and I will treat you with my profane adventures: you will run into ecstasies upon the dignity of man

and woman; I, into an ingenuous narrative of my various abominations,—I hoping to make a convert of you, and you of me. Give me an answer, should you approve this proposal."

I replied, "Yours is not a proposal, but a jest. I was full of good-will towards you. My conscience does not require me to do more than to wish you every happiness, both in this life and another."

Thus ended my secret connection with that strange man. He was perhaps more exasperated by ill fortune, and crazed by despair, than really bad at heart. But who can tell?

CHAPTER XV.

Another change of prison.— Signor Caporale di Cesena. — A lady and her little boys.

ONCE more I learned to value solitude, and my days tracked each other without any mark of distinction or change.

The summer was over: towards the end of September, the heat grew less oppressive; October came. I congratulated myself on occupying a chamber well adapted for winter. One morning, however, the jailer made his appearance, with an order to change my prison.

"And where am I to go?"

"Only a few steps, into a cooler chamber."

"But why not think of it when I was dying of suffocation; when the air was filled with gnats, and my bed with bugs?"

"The order did not come before."

"Patience! let us be gone!"

Notwithstanding I had suffered so greatly in this prison, it pained me to leave it; not simply because it would have been best for the winter season, but for many other reasons. There I had the ants to attract my attention, which I had fed and looked upon, I may almost say, with

paternal care. Within the last few days, however, my friend the spider, and my great ally in my war with the gnats, had, for some reason, chosen to emigrate: at least he did not come as usual. "Perhaps," said I, "he may remember me, and come back; but he will find my prison empty, or occupied by some other tenant, — no friend perhaps to spiders, — and meet with an awkward reception. His beautiful web-house and his gnat-feasts will be put an end to."

Yet more: my gloomy abode had been cheered by the presence of Angiola, so good, so gentle and compassionate. There she used to sit dropping crumbs of bread for my little visitors, the ants, and trying every means she could devise to amuse me; and there I heard her sobs, and saw the tears fall thick and fast, as she spoke of her cruel lover.

The place I was removed to was under the leaden prisons (*I Piombi*), open to the north and west, with two windows, one on each side; an abode of perpetual cold, and of icy chill during the severest months. The window towards the west was the largest: that towards the north was high and narrow, and situated above my bed.

I looked out first at the north window, and found that it commanded a view of the Palace of the Patriarch. Other prisons were near mine, in a narrow wing to the right, and in a projection

of the building in front. In this projection were two cells, one above the other. The lower one had an enormous window, through which I could see a man, very richly dressed, pacing to and fro. It was the Signor Caporale di Cesena. He perceived me, and made a signal; and we pronounced each the other's name.

I then wished to look out at my other window. I put the little table upon my bed, and a chair upon the table; climbed up, and found myself on a level with part of the palace roof. Beyond this was to be seen a fine view of the city and the lake.

I paused to admire it; and, though I heard some one open the door, I did not move. It was the jailer, who, perceiving that I had clambered up, thought I was making an attempt to escape, and forgot, in his alarm, that I was not a mouse to creep through all those narrow bars. In a moment, he sprang upon the bed, in spite of a violent sciatica which had bent him nearly double; and, catching me by the legs, he began to call out "thieves and murder."

"But don't you see, you thoughtless man," I exclaimed, "that I cannot conjure myself through these horrible bars? Surely, you know I got up here out of mere curiosity."

"Oh, yes! I see: I apprehend, sir; but quick, sir, jump down. These are all temptations of the Devil to make you think of it! Come down, sir, pray;" and there was nothing for me to do but to get down and laugh.

At the windows of the side-prison, I recognized six other prisoners, all confined for political causes. Thus, while preparing my mind for greater solitude, I found myself, comparatively, in a little world of human beings around me. The change, at first, was irksome, — complete seclusion having rendered me almost unsociable; in addition to which, the disagreeable termination of my correspondence with Julian had made me distrustful. Still, the little conversation I was enabled to carry on, partly by signs, with my new fellow-prisoners, was of advantage, by diverting my attention. I breathed not a word respecting my connection with Julian: it was a point of honor between us, never to divulge the secret; and I should not allude to it in these pages, if I was not fully aware, that, in the immense number of unhappy men with which these prisons were thronged, it would be impossible to ascertain who was the assumed Julian.

To the interest derived from seeing my fellow-captives was added another of a more delightful kind. I could see from my large window, beyond the projection of prisons situated before me, a surface of roofs, decorated with cupolas, belfries, towers, and chimneys, which gradually faded in a distant view of sea and sky. In the house nearest me, a wing of the Patriarchal palace, lived an excellent family, who acquired a claim to my gratitude, for expressing, by their salutations, the interest which they took in my fate. A sign, a word of kindness to the unhappy, is charity of no trivial kind. From one of the windows, I saw a little boy, nine or ten years old, stretching out his hands towards me, and heard him call out, "Mamma, mamma: they have put somebody up there in the *Piombi*. O poor prisoner! who are you?"

"I am Silvio Pellico," was the reply.

Another older boy now ran to the same window, and cried out, "Are you Silvio Pellico?"

"Yes; and tell me your names, dear boys."

"My name is Antonio S——, and my brother's is Joseph."

Then he turned round, and, speaking to some one within, said, "What else shall I ask him?" A lady, whom I conjecture to have been their mother, then half-concealed, suggested to them some pretty words, which they repeated; and for which

I thanked them with all my heart. This sort of communication was a small matter; yet it was necessary to be cautious how we indulged in it, lest we should attract the notice of the jailer. Morning, noon, and night, it was a source of the greatest consolation. Before the windows were closed, and the lights brought in, the little boys were constantly in the habit of bidding me, "Good-night, Silvio;" and often it was repeated by the good lady, in a more subdued voice, "Good-night, Silvio! have courage."

When taking their meals, they would say, "How we wish we could give you some of this good coffee and milk! Pray, remember to come and see us the first day they let you out. Mamma and we will give you plenty of good things, and as many kisses as you like."

CHAPTER XVI.

A painful anniversary. — Pellico writes letters. — Becomes sick and delirious.

THE month of October returned, — one of the most disagreeable anniversaries in my life. I was arrested on the 13th of that month in the preceding year. Other recollections of the same period also pained me. That day two years, a valued and excellent man, whom I highly honored, was drowned in the Ticino. Three years before, Odoardo Briche,[13] a young person whom I loved as if he had been my own son, had accidentally killed himself with a musket. Earlier in my youth, another severe affliction had befallen me in the same month.

Though I was not superstitious, the remembrance of so many unhappy occurrences at the same period of the year caused me extreme sorrow. While conversing at the window with the children and with my fellow-prisoners, I assumed an air of mirth; but hardly had I re-entered my den, when an irresistible feeling of melancholy took possession of my mind. I attempted in vain to engage in some literary composition:

I was involuntarily impelled to write upon other topics. I thought of my family, and wrote long letters in which I poured forth all my burthened spirit,—all I had felt and enjoyed of home in far happier days, when surrounded by brothers, sisters, and friends, who had always loved me. The desire of seeing them, and long compulsory separation, inspired me to reveal a thousand thoughts of gratitude and tenderness which would not otherwise have occurred to my mind.

In the same way, I reviewed my former life, diverting my attention by recalling past incidents, and dwelling on those happier periods, now for ever fled. Often, when the picture I had thus drawn suddenly vanished from my sight, and left me conscious only of the fearful present and the more threatening future, the pen fell from my hand, and I was seized with horror: the contrast was more than I could bear. These were awful moments: I had already experienced them, but never with such intense susceptibility. I attributed this to extreme excitement of the passions, occasioned by uttering them in the form of letters, addressed to persons to whom I was so tenderly attached.

I determined to change the epistolary form of expressing my ideas, but could not. In whatever way I began, my production always ended in a letter teeming with affection and grief.

"What?" I exclaimed, "am *I* no more master of my own will? Is this necessity of doing that which I object to, a distortion of my brain? At first, I could have accounted for it; but after being inured to this solitude, and so fortified myself by religious reflections, how have I become the slave of these blind impulses, these wanderings of heart and mind? Let me apply to other matters." I then endeavored to pray, or, by hard study of the German, to deaden my feelings. Vain effort! I found myself actually engaged in writing another letter!

Such a state of mind was a real disease; perhaps it might be called a kind of somnambulism. Without doubt it was the effect of extreme lassitude, occasioned by continual thought and watchfulness.

It gained upon me. I grew feverish and sleepless. I gave up coffee; but the disease was not removed. It appeared as if I were two persons: one eagerly bent upon writing letters; the other upon doing something else. "At least," said I, "write them in German, if you will write; and we shall learn a little of the language." Methought *he* then set to work, and wrote volumes of bad German; and he certainly brought me rapidly forward in the study of it. Towards morning, my mind being wholly exhausted, I fell into a heavy stupor, during which all those most

dear to me haunted my dreams. I thought that my father and mother were weeping over me: I heard their lamentations; and I suddenly started out of my sleep, sobbing and affrighted. Sometimes, in those short dreams, I seemed to hear my mother's voice consoling the others with whom she came into my prison, and addressing me in the most affectionate language on the duty of resignation; and, when I rejoiced to see her courage, and that of others, she suddenly appeared to burst into tears, and all wept. I can convey no idea of the agony which I suffered at these times.

To escape from this misery, I no longer went to bed. I sat down to read by the light of my lamp, but could comprehend nothing, and soon found that I was unable to think. I next tried to copy something; but, while copying, I always recurred to my afflictions. If I retired to rest, it was worse; I could lie in no position; I became convulsed, and was compelled to rise. If I slept, the same visions re-appeared, and made me suffer much more than I did by keeping awake. My prayers, too, were feeble and ineffectual; and, after a while, I could simply invoke the

name of the Deity, — of the Being who had assumed a human form, and was acquainted with grief. I was afraid to sleep; my prayers seemed to bring me no relief; my imagination became excited; and, even when awake, I heard, close to me, strange noises, sometimes sighs and groans, mingled occasionally with sounds of stifled laughter. I was never superstitious; but these apparently real and unaccountable sights and sounds led me to doubt; and I firmly believed then that I was the victim of some unknown and malignant beings. Frequently I took my light, and made a search for those mockers and persecutors of my waking and sleeping hours. At last, they began to pull me by my clothes, threw my books upon the ground, blew out my lamp, and, as it seemed, conveyed me into another dungeon. I would then start to my feet, look and examine all round me, and ask myself if I were really mad. The actual world, and that of my imagination, were no longer distinguishable: I knew not whether what I saw and felt was a delusion or a truth. In this horrible state, I could repeat only one prayer, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

One morning early, I threw myself upon the pallet, having first placed my handkerchief, as usual, under my pillow. Falling asleep, shortly after, I suddenly woke, and found myself in a

state of suffocation. It seemed as if my persecutors were strangling me; and, putting my hand to my throat, I found my own handkerchief, all knotted, tied round my neck. I could have sworn I had not made those knots; yet I must have done this in my delirium; but I could not believe it, and from that time lived in continual expectation of being strangled. The recollection is still horrible. These wanderings of the mind left me at dawn of day; and, resuming my courage, I no longer felt the least apprehension, and imagined it would be impossible that they should return again. But no sooner did the night set in, than I was again haunted by them in all their horrors.

The more weak and wretched I felt at night, the greater were my efforts during the day to appear cheerful in conversing with my companions, with the two boys at the palace, and with my jailers. No one who heard my jokes could have imagined it possible that I was suffering from such a disease. I thought to encourage myself by this forced merriment; but the spectral visions, which I laughed at by day, became fearful realities in the hours of darkness.

If I had dared, I would have petitioned the commission to change my apartment; but the fear of ridicule, in case I should be asked my reasons, restrained me. No reasonings, no resolutions or

studies, and no prayers, were of the least avail; and the awful idea of being wholly abandoned by God took possession of my mind.

All those wicked sophisms against Providence, which, when I possessed reason, had appeared to me so vain and impious, now recurred with redoubled power, in the form of irresistible arguments. I struggled mightily against this last and greatest evil for several days: I then abandoned myself to it. I refused to acknowledge the truth and beauty of religion; I quoted the assertion of the most violent atheists, and which Julian had so recently dwelt upon: "Religion serves only to enfeeble the mind." I actually presumed that by renouncing my God I should acquire greater fortitude. Insane idea! I denied God, yet knew not how to deny the existence of those invisible malevolent beings, who appeared to encompass me, and feast on my sufferings.

What shall I call this martyrdom? Is it enough to say that it was a disease? or was it a divine chastisement for my pride, to teach me, that, without a special light, I might become as great an unbeliever as Julian, and even more foolish than he? However this may be, it pleased God to deliver me from such evil, when I least expected it. One morning, after taking my coffee, I was seized with violent sickness, attended with colic. I imagined that I had been poisoned. After exces-

sive vomiting, I was in a profuse perspiration, and retired to bed. About mid-day I fell asleep, and continued in a quiet slumber till evening. I awoke in great surprise at this unexpected repose, and, thinking I should not sleep again, got up. On rising, I said, "I shall now have more fortitude to resist my accustomed terrors." But they returned no more. I was in ecstasies: in the fulness of my heart, I threw myself upon my knees, and again prayed to God in spirit and in truth, beseeching pardon for having denied, during many days, his holy name. It was almost too much for my newly reviving strength; and while yet upon my knees, supporting my head against a chair, I fell into a profound sleep in that very position.

Some hours afterwards, as I conjectured, I seemed in part to awake; but no sooner had I stretched my weary limbs upon my rude couch, than I again fell into a sleep which lasted till the dawn of day. The same disposition to somnolency continued through the day, and the next night I rested as soundly as before. What crisis had thus taken place in my disorder? I know not; but I was perfectly restored.

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Foresti. — Thoughts on suicide and death. — A terrific spectacle of fire. — False reports of another fire.

THE sickness of the stomach, from which I had suffered so long, ceased; the pains of the head also left me, and I had an extraordinary appetite. My digestion was good, and I gained strength. Wonderful Providence! which deprived me of my health to humble me, and which again restored it, when the moment was at hand that I should require it all, that I might not sink under the weight of my sentence.

On the 24th of November, one of our companions, Dr. Foresti, was taken from the *Piombi*, and transported no one knew whither. The jailer, his wife, and the assistants were alarmed; and not one of them ventured to throw the least light upon this mysterious affair.

"And why should you persist," said Tremerello, "in wishing to know, when nothing good is to be heard? I have told you too much, — too much already."

"Then what is the use of trying to hide it? I know it too well. He is condemned to death."

"Who? — he — Dr. Foresti?"

Tremerello hesitated; but the love of gossip was not the least of his virtues.

"Don't say, then," he resumed, "that I am a babbler: I never wished to say a word about these matters. Remember, it is you who compel me."

"Yes, yes, I do compel you; but courage! tell me every thing you know respecting the poor doctor."

"Ah, sir! they have made him cross the Bridge of Sighs. He lies in the dungeons of the condemned. Sentence of death has been pronounced upon him and two others."

"And will it be executed? When? Oh, unhappy men! and what are the others' names?"

"I know no more. The sentences have not been published. It is reported in Venice that they will be commuted. I trust in God they may, at least as regards the good doctor. Do you know, I am as fond of that noble fellow, pardon the expression, as if he were my own brother?"

He seemed moved, and walked away. Imagine the agitation I suffered through the whole of that day, and indeed long after, as there were no means of ascertaining any thing further respecting the fate of these unfortunate men.

A month elapsed, and at length the sentences connected with the first trial were published.

Nine were condemned to death, which, as an act of grace, was commuted to severe imprisonment, some for twenty, and others for fifteen years in the fortress of Spielberg, near the city of Brünn, in Moravia; while those for ten years and under were to be sent to the fortress of Laybach.

Were we authorized to conclude, from this commutation of sentence in regard to those first condemned, that the parties subject to the second trial would likewise be spared? Was the indulgence to be confined only to the former, on account of their having been arrested previous to the publication of the edicts against secret societies; the full rigor of the law being reserved for subsequent offenders?

"Well," I exclaimed, "we shall not be kept long in suspense. I am at least grateful to Heaven for being allowed time to prepare myself in a becoming manner for the final scene."

My only consideration now was to die like a Christian, and with proper fortitude. I felt, indeed, a strong temptation to avoid the scaffold by committing suicide, but overcame it. What merit is there in refusing to die by the hand of the executioner, and yet to fall by one's own? Is it to preserve honor? And is it not childish to suppose that there can be more honor in cheating the executioner, than in not doing so, when it is clear that we must die? Even if I had not been

a Christian, suicide would, on serious reflection, have appeared to me both ridiculous and useless, if not in a high degree criminal.

"If the end of my life has arrived," continued I, "am I not fortunate in being permitted to collect my thoughts, and to purify my conscience by penitence and prayer becoming a man in affliction? In vulgar estimation, to die on the scaffold is the worst of deaths: in the opinion of the wise, is not this far preferable to the thousand deaths which daily occur by disease, attended by general prostration of intellect, without power to raise the soul from low thoughts?

I felt the justice of this reasoning, and lost all feeling of anxiety or terror at the idea of a public execution. I reflected deeply upon the sacraments, which were to support me under such an appalling trial; and I seemed disposed to receive them in a right spirit. Should I have been enabled to preserve the same elevation of mind, the same forgiveness of my enemies, the same readiness to sacrifice my life to the will of God, had I been led to execution? Alas, how inconsistent is man! When most firm and pious, how liable he is to fall suddenly into weakness and crime! Is it likely I should have died worthily? God only knows: I dare not think well enough of myself to assert it.

The probable approach of death so riveted my

imagination upon this idea, that not only did it seem possible, but it was marked by an infallible presentiment. I no longer indulged a hope of avoiding it; and at every sound of footsteps and of keys, or at the opening of my door, I was in the habit of exclaiming, "Courage! perhaps I am going to receive sentence. Let me hear it with calm dignity, and bless the Lord."

I considered in what terms I should address, for the last time, my family, each of my brothers, and each of my sisters; and, by revolving in my mind these sacred and affecting duties, I was often drowned in tears, without losing my fortitude and resignation.

I was again unable to enjoy sound repose; but my sleeplessness was not of the same alarming character as before: I saw no visions of spectres or concealed enemies who were ready to deprive me of life. I usually spent the night in calm and reviving prayer. Towards morning, I was enabled to sleep for about two hours, and rose late to breakfast.

One night I had retired to rest earlier than usual: I had slept scarcely a quarter of an hour, when I awoke, and beheld an immense light on the wall opposite to me. At first, I feared that I had been seized with my former illness; but this was no illusion. The light shone through the north window, beneath which I then lay.

I started up, seized my table, placed it on my bed, and put a chair upon the table; by means of which I mounted up, and beheld one of the most terrific spectacles of fire that can be imagined. It was not more than a musket-shot distant from our prison: it proceeded from the establishment of the public ovens, and the edifice was entirely consumed.

The night was exceedingly dark; and vast globes of flame spouted forth on both sides, and were borne away by a violent wind. All around, it seemed as if the sky rained sparks of fire. The adjacent lake reflected the magnificent sight. Numbers of gondolas went and came. My sympathy was most excited at the danger and terrors of those who resided nearest to the burning edifice. I heard the far-off voices of men and women calling to each other. Among others, I caught the name of Angiola; and, though doubtless there were thousands of them in Venice, yet I could not help fearing it might be the one of whom the recollection was so sweet to me. Can she be there and surrounded by flames? How I longed to fly to her rescue!

Full of excitement, wonder, and terror, I stood at the window till the day dawned. Then I got down, oppressed by a feeling of deep sorrow, imagining much greater misfortune than had really occurred. I was informed by Tremerello,

that only the ovens and the adjoining magazine had suffered; the loss consisting chiefly of corn, and sacks of flour.

The effect of this accident on my imagination had not yet ceased, when one night, as I was sitting at my little table reading, quite benumbed with cold, I heard a number of voices not far from me. They were those of the jailer, his wife, and sons, with the assistants, all crying "Fire! fire! Oh, blessed Virgin! we are lost, we are lost!"

I no longer felt cold. I started to my feet in a violent perspiration, and looked out to discover the quarter from which the fire proceeded. I could perceive nothing. I was informed, however, that it arose in the palace itself, from some public chambers contiguous to the prisons. One of the assistants called out, "But, sir governor, what shall we do with these caged birds here, if the fire increases?" The head-jailer replied, "Why, I should not like to have them roasted alive. Yet I cannot let them out of their cells, without special orders from the commission. You may run as fast as you can, and get an order."

"To be sure, I will; but, you know, it will be too late for the prisoners."

All this was said in the rude Venetian dialect; but I understood it too well. And now where was all my heroic spirit and resignation, on which

I had reckoned to meet sudden death? Why did the idea of being burnt alive throw me into such a fever? I felt ashamed of this unworthy fear; and, though just on the point of crying out to the jailer to open the door, I restrained myself, reflecting that there might be as little pleasure in being strangled as in being burnt. Still I was afraid.

"Here," said I, "is a specimen of what my courage would be, should I escape the flames, and be doomed to mount the scaffold. I will restrain my fear, and hide it from others as well as I can, though I know I shall tremble. But surely it is courageous to behave as if we were not afraid, even while we tremble. Is it not generosity to give away that which it costs us much to part with? Is it not an act of obedience, when we obey with great repugnance?

The tumult in the jailer's house was so loud and continued, that I concluded the fire was on the increase. The messenger sent to ask permission for our temporary release had not yet returned. At last, I thought I heard his voice. No: I listened; no one came. "Perhaps the permission will not be granted: there will be no means of escape, if the jailer should not humanely take the responsibility on himself; and we shall be suffocated in our dungeons. Well; but this," I exclaimed, "is not philosophy, this is not religion! Were it

not better to prepare myself to see the flames bursting into my chamber, and ready to devour me?"

Meantime the clamor seemed to diminish; by degrees, it died away: was this any proof that the fire had ceased? Or, perhaps, all who could escape had already fled, and left the prisoners to their fate.

The silence continued; no flames appeared; and I retired to bed, reproaching myself for my want of fortitude. Indeed, I began to regret that I had not been burnt alive, instead of my soon being handed over, as a victim, into the hands of men.

The next morning I learned from Tremerello the real cause of the fire, and laughed at his account of the fear he had endured, as if my own had not been as great, perhaps greater than his.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Leaves the *Piombi* prison. — Remembers his happy days. — Reaches San Michele, and is locked up. — His sentence. — Put in the same dungeon with Maroncelli.

ON the 11th of January, 1822, about nine in the morning, Tremerello came into my room in no little agitation, and said, —

"Do you know, sir, that in the island of San Michele, a little way from Venice, there is a prison containing more than a hundred Carbonari?"

"You have told me so a hundred times. Well! speak out. What would you have me hear? Are some of them condemned?"

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know."

"Is my poor friend, Maroncelli, among them?"

"Ah, sir! too many, — I know not who." And he went away in great emotion, casting upon me a look of compassion.

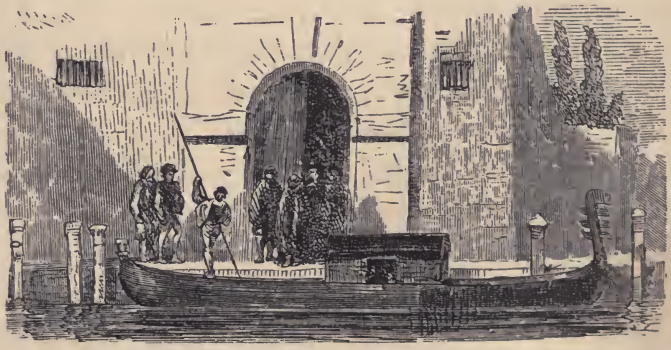
Shortly after, the jailer came, attended by the assistants, and by a man whom I had never before seen. The latter opened his subject as fol-

lows: "The commission, sir, has given orders that you should go with me."

"Let us go, then," I replied: "may I ask who you are?"

"I am jailer of the San Michele prison, where I am going to take you."

The jailer of the *Piombi* delivered to the new governor the money belonging to me, which he had in his hands. I obtained permission to make some little present to the under-jailers, put my clothes in order, took my Bible under my arm, and departed. In descending the endless track of staircases, Tremerello took my hand for a moment: he pressed it, as much as to say, "Unhappy man! you are lost."



We came out at a gate which opened upon the lake, and there stood a gondola with two under-jailers belonging to San Michele.

I entered the boat with feelings of the most contradictory nature, — regret at leaving the

prison of the *Piombi*, where I had suffered so much, but where I had become attached to some individuals, and they to me; and pleasure in beholding once more the sky, the city, and the clear waters, without the intervention of iron bars. Add to this the recollection of the joyous gondola, which, in time past, had borne me on the bosom of that placid lake; the gondolas of the Lake of Como, those of Lake Maggiore, the little boats of the Po, those of the Rhone, and of the Saone! Oh, happy, vanished years! who in the world had ever been so happy as I!

The son of excellent and affectionate parents, in a rank of life, perhaps, the happiest for the cultivation of the affections, — being equally removed from riches and from poverty, — I had spent my infancy in the participation of the sweetest domestic ties, and had been the object of the tenderest domestic love. I had subsequently gone to Lyons, to my maternal uncle, an elderly man, extremely wealthy, and deserving of all he possessed; and, at his mansion, I partook of all the advantages and delights of elegant and refined society, which gave an indescribable charm to those youthful days. Thence returning into Italy, under the parental roof I devoted myself with ardor to study and the enjoyment of society; everywhere meeting with excellent friends and the most encouraging praise. Monti and Fos-

colo, although at variance with each other, were equally kind to me. I became more attached to the latter; and this irritable man, who, by his asperities, provoked many to quarrel with him, was full of gentleness and cordiality towards me. Other distinguished characters also became attached to me, and I returned all their regard. Neither envy nor calumny had over me the least influence; or, if so, I felt it only from persons who had not the power to injure. On the fall of the kingdom of Italy, my father removed to Turin, with the rest of his family. I had preferred to remain at Milan, where I spent my time so profitably and so happily as made me unwilling to leave it. Here I had three friends to whom I was greatly attached, — Don Pietro Borsiero, Lodovico di Breme, and the Count Luigi Porro Lambertenghi. Subsequently, I added to them Count Federigo Confalonieri.[14] Becoming the tutor of two young sons of Count Porro, I was to them as a father; and their father treated me as a brother. His mansion was the resort, not only of the most refined and cultivated society of Italy, but of many distinguished foreigners. It was there I became acquainted with De Staël, Schlegel, Davy, Byron, Brougham, Hobhouse, and illustrious travellers from all parts of Europe. How delightful, how noble an incentive to all that is great and good, is an intercourse with

men of worth! Then I was happy: I would not have exchanged my lot with a prince; and now I had suddenly fallen from the summit of my hopes and prospects into an abyss of wretchedness, — to be hurried from dungeon to dungeon, and at last to perish either by a violent death, or by lingering in chains.

Absorbed in reflections like these, I reached San Michele, and was locked up in a room which embraced a view of the court-yard, of the lake, and the beautiful island of Murano. I inquired of the jailer, his wife, and the four assistants respecting Maroncelli; but their visits were exceedingly brief; they were reserved; and, in fact, they would tell me nothing.

Among five or six persons, however, it would be rare not to find one who possesses a compassionate as well as a communicative disposition. I met with such a one, and from him I learned what follows: —

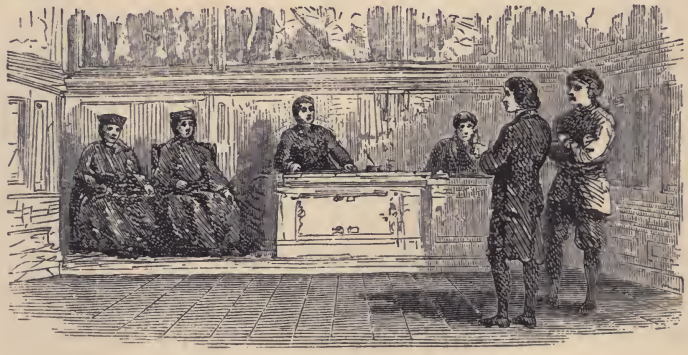
Maroncelli, after having been long kept alone, had been placed with Count Camillo Laderchi.[15] Within a few days, the count had been declared innocent, and discharged from prison; and the former again remained alone. Of our companions, there had also been set at liberty Professor Romagnosi,[16] and Count Giovanni Arrivabene.[17] Captain Rezia[18] and Signor Canova were together. Professor Ressi[19] was dying at that

time, in a cell next to theirs. "Then it follows," said I, "that the sentences of those not set at liberty must have arrived. When are they to be made known? Perhaps poor Ressi will die, or will not be in a state to hear his sentence: is it not so?"

"I believe it is."

Every day I inquired respecting this unfortunate man. "He has lost his voice; he is rather better; he is delirious; he is nearly gone; he spits blood; he is dying,"—were the usual replies; till at length came the last of all, "He is dead."

I shed tears to his memory, and consoled myself with thinking that he died ignorant of the sentence which awaited him.



The day following, the 21st of February, 1822, the jailer came for me about ten o'clock, and conducted me into the Hall of the Commission. The president, the inquisitor, and two assisting judges, were seated; but they rose. The first, with a look

of deep commiseration, acquainted me that my sentence had arrived; that it was a terrible one, but that the clemency of the emperor had mitigated its severity.

The inquisitor, fixing his eye on me, read it: "Silvio Pellico, condemned to death; the imperial decree is, that the sentence be commuted to fifteen years' severe imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg."

"The will of God be done!" was my reply.

It was truly my intention to bear this terrible blow like a Christian, and neither to exhibit nor to feel resentment against any one. The president commended my state of mind, warmly recommending me to persevere in it, and telling me that possibly I might in a year or two be deemed worthy of receiving further favors from the imperial clemency.

Instead, however, of one or two, it was many years before the full sentence was remitted.

The other judges also spoke encouragingly to me. But one of them, who had appeared hostile on my trial, accosted me in a courteous but ironical tone, while his look of insulting triumph seemed to belie his words. I would not swear that it was so; but then my blood was boiling, and I was trying to smother my passion. While they were praising me for my Christian patience, I had not a jot of it left. "To-morrow," con-

tinued the inquisitor, "I am sorry to say, you must appear and receive your sentence in public. It is a formality which cannot be dispensed with."

"Be it so!" I replied.

"From this time, we grant you the company of your friend," he added. Then, calling the jailer, he consigned me into his hands, ordering that I should be placed in the same dungeon with Maroncelli.

What a delightful moment, when after a separation of a year and three months, and after having suffered so much, I met my friend! For some moments we forgot even the severity of our sentence, — conscious only of each other's presence.

But I soon turned from my friend to perform a more serious duty, — that of writing to my father. I was desirous that the first tidings of my sad lot should reach my family from myself; in order that the grief, which I knew they would all feel, might at least be mitigated by hearing of my state of mind, and the sentiments of peace and religion by which I was supported. The judges had given me a promise to expedite the letter the moment it was written.

After this, Maroncelli spoke to me respecting his trial, and I acquainted him with mine; and we described our prison walks and adventures to each other. Then we approached the window,

and saluted three of our friends, whom we beheld standing at theirs. Two of these were Canova and Rezia, together in the same apartment; the first of whom was condemned to six years' hard imprisonment, and the last to three. The third was Dr. Cesare Armari, who had been my neighbor, during some preceding months, in the prisons of the *Piombi*. He was not, however, among the condemned, and he soon obtained his liberty.

The power of communicating, at all hours, with one or another of our fellow-prisoners, was a great relief to our feelings. But, when buried in silence and darkness, I was unable to compose myself to rest: my head burned and my heart bled, as my thoughts reverted to home. Could my aged parents sustain so heavy a misfortune? Would their other children be able to console them? They were equally attached to all, and I valued myself as least in that family of love; but will a father and a mother ever find, in the children that remain to them, a compensation for the one of whom they are deprived?

Had I dwelt only upon my relatives and a few other dear friends, much as I regretted them, my thoughts would have been less bitter than they were. But I thought of the insulting smile of that judge, of the trial, the cause of the different sentences, political passions and enmities, and the fate of so many of my friends. . . . Then it

was I could no longer think with patience or indulgence of any of my persecutors. God had subjected me to a severe trial, and it was my duty to have borne it with courage. Alas! I was neither able nor willing. The ugly spirit of hatred pleased me better than the noble spirit of forgiveness; and I passed a night of horror after receiving sentence.

In the morning I could not pray. The universe appeared to me to be the work of some power, the enemy of good. I had previously been guilty of calumniating my Creator; but little did I imagine that I should revert to such ingratitude, and in so brief a time. Julian, in his most furious moods, could not express himself more impiously than I did. To gloat over thoughts of hatred or of fierce revenge, when smarting under the scourge of a heavy calamity, instead of flying to religion as a refuge, renders a man criminal, even though his cause be just. If we hate, it is a proof of pride. And who art thou, O wretched mortal! to assert that none have a right to sit in judgment upon thee and thy actions; to pretend that none can injure thee without a bad intention, or a violation of justice?—in short, who dares to arraign the decrees of Heaven itself, if it please Providence to make him suffer in a manner which he does not himself approve?

I was unhappy because I could not pray; for,

when pride reigns supreme, it acknowledges no other god than the self-idol it has created. How I could have wished to recommend to the Supreme Protector the care of my bereaved parents, though at that unhappy moment I felt as if I no more believed in Him!

CHAPTER XIX.

Pellico receives his sentence in public. — Reads in prison some of his productions to Maroncelli and others. — Gets a letter from his father. — His departure from Venice.

AT nine in the morning, Maroncelli and I were conducted into a gondola which conveyed us to the city. We alighted at the palace of the Doge, and proceeded to the prisons. We were placed in the apartment which had been occupied by Signor Caporali a few days before, but with whose fate we were not acquainted. Nine or ten *sbirri* were placed over us as a guard; and, walking about, we awaited the moment of being brought into the square. There was considerable delay. The inquisitor did not make his appearance till noon, and then informed us that it was time to go. The physician also presented himself, and advised us to take a small glass of mint-water; which we accepted, on account of the extreme compassion which the good old man expressed for us. It was Dr. Dosmo. The head *sbirro* then advanced, and fixed the handcuffs upon us. We followed him, accompanied by the other jailers.

We descended the magnificent Giants' Stairs,

and called to mind the old Doge, Marino Faliero, who was beheaded there. We entered the great gateway, which opens upon the small square from the court-yard of the palace, and then turned to the left, in the direction of the lake. In the centre of the Piazzetta was raised the scaffold which we were to ascend. From the Giants' Stairs, extending to the scaffold, were two lines of Austrian soldiers, through which we passed.

After ascending the scaffold, we looked around us, and saw an immense assembly of people, apparently filled with terror. In other directions were seen bands of armed men, to awe the multitude; and we were told that cannon were loaded in readiness to be discharged at a moment's notice. I was now exactly on the spot where, in September, 1820, just a month previous to my arrest, a mendicant had observed to me, "This is a place of misfortune."

I called to mind the circumstance, and reflected that very possibly in that immense throng of spectators the same person might be present, and perhaps recognize me.

The German captain called out to us to turn toward the palace, and look up. We did so, and beheld upon the lodge a messenger of the council, with a letter in his hand: it was the sentence; he began to read it in a loud voice.

It was ushered in by solemn silence, which was continued until he came to the words, "condemned to death." There was then heard one general murmur of compassion. This was followed by a similar silence, in order to hear the rest of the document. A fresh murmur arose at the words, — *Condemned to severe imprisonment, Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*

The captain made a sign for us to descend. We cast one glance around us, and came down. We re-entered the court-yard, mounted the great staircase, and were conducted into the room from which we had been taken. The manacles were removed, and we were carried back to San Michele.

The prisoners who had been condemned before us had already set out for Laybach and Spielberg, and were accompanied by a commissary of police. He was now expected back, in order to conduct us to our destination; but the interval of a month elapsed.

My time was chiefly spent in talking, and listening to the conversation of others, in order to distract my mind. Maroncelli read me some of his literary productions; and, in turn, I read him mine. One evening I read from the window my play of "Ester d'Engaddi," to Canova, Rezia, and Armari; and the following evening, "Igi-

nia d'Asti." During the night, however, I grew irritable and wretched, and was unable to sleep. I both desired and feared to learn in what manner the tidings of my calamity had been received by my family.

At length a letter came from my father, and I was grieved to find, from the date, that my last to him had not been immediately sent, as I had requested of the inquisitor. Thus my unhappy father, while flattering himself that I should be set at liberty, happening to take up the "Milan Gazette," read the horrid sentence which I had just received upon the scaffold. He himself acquainted me with this fact, and left me to infer what his feelings must have been. I cannot express the contempt and anger I felt on learning that my letter had been kept back, and how deeply I felt for all my poor, unhappy family. There was doubtless no malice in this delay: but I looked on it as a refinement of barbarity; an infernal desire to have the scourge lacerate, as it were, the very soul of my beloved and innocent relatives. I could have delighted to shed a sea of blood in order to punish this fancied inhumanity.

Now that I judge calmly, I find my suspicions improbable. The delay, doubtless, was owing to negligence on the part of subordinate agents. Enraged as I was, I heard with still more excited

feelings, that my companions were to receive the communion at Easter before their departure. As for me, I considered it wholly impossible, inasmuch as I felt not the least disposition towards forgiveness. Not to receive it was an offence; yet would that I had given this offence!

The commissary at last arrived from Germany, and came to acquaint us that within two days we were to set out. "I have the pleasure," he added, "of being able to give you some consoling tidings. On my return from Spielberg, I saw at Vienna his majesty the emperor, who acquainted me that the penal days appointed you will not extend to twenty-four hours, but only to twelve." By this expression it is intended to signify that the pain will be divided, or half the punishment remitted. This diminution was never notified to us in an official form: but there is no reason to suppose that the commissary spoke an untruth; the less so, as he made no secret of the information, which was known to the whole commission. Nevertheless, I could not congratulate myself upon it. To my feelings, seven years and a half (to be spent in chains and solitude) were scarcely less horrible than fifteen; for I conceived it to be impossible for me to survive so long. My health had again become wretched! I suffered from severe pains of the chest, attended with cough, and I thought my lungs were affected. I eat but little,

and that little I could not digest. Our departure took place on the night of the 25th of March. We were permitted to take leave of our friend, Cesare Armari. A *sbirro* chained us in a transverse manner, — namely, the right hand and the left foot, — so as to render it impossible for us to escape.

We went into a gondola, and the guards rowed towards Fusina. On our arrival, we found two carriages in readiness for us. Rezia and Canova were placed in one, and Maroncelli and myself in the other. The commissary was with two of the prisoners, and an under-commissary with the other two. Six or seven guards of police, armed with swords and muskets, completed our convoy.

To be compelled by misfortune to leave one's country is always painful; but to be torn from it in chains, doomed to exile in a horrible climate, to linger days and hours and years in solitary dungeons, is a fate so appalling, that no language can describe it.

As we approached the Alps, I felt that my country was becoming doubly dear to me: the sympathy we awakened on every side, from all ranks, formed an irresistible appeal to my affection and gratitude. In every city, in every village, in every group of meanest houses, the news of our condemnation had been known for some

weeks; and we were expected. In several places, the commissaries and the guards had difficulty in dispersing the crowd which surrounded us. It was astonishing to witness the benevolent and humane feeling generally manifested in our behalf.

In Udine we met with a singular and touching incident. On arriving at the inn, the commissary caused the door of the court-yard to be closed, in order to keep back the people. A room was assigned us; and he ordered the waiters to bring supper, and make such accommodation as we required for repose. In a few moments, three men entered with mattresses upon their shoulders.

What was our surprise to see that only one of them was a servant of the inn! The others were two of our acquaintances. We pretended to assist them in placing the beds, and had time to recognize each other, and give the hand of fellowship and sympathy. It was too much: the tears started to our eyes. Ah! how trying it was

to us all, not to be allowed the sad satisfaction of shedding them in each other's arms!

The commissaries were not aware of the circumstance; but I had reason to think that one of the guards saw into the affair, just as the good Dario grasped me by the hand. He was a Venetian. He fixed his eyes upon us both, turned pale, and seemed in the act of making an alarm, but turned away his eyes, as if pretending not to see us. If he did not think that they were our friends, he must have believed them to be some servants with whom we were acquainted.

The next morning we left Udine by dawn of day. The affectionate Dario was already in the street, wrapped in his mantle: he beckoned to us, and followed us a long way. A coach also continued at some little distance from us for several miles. Some one waved a handkerchief from it, till it turned back: who could it have been? We had our own conjectures. May Heaven protect all those generous souls who thus express their love for the unfortunate! I had the more reason to prize them from the fact of having met with cowards, who, not content with denying me, thought to benefit themselves by calumniating their once fortunate *friend*. These cases, however, were rare; while those of the former, to the honor of the human character be it said, were numerous.

I had supposed that the warm sympathy expressed for us in Italy would cease when we entered on a foreign soil. But I was deceived: the good man is ever the fellow-countryman of the unhappy. When traversing Illyrian and German ground, it was the same as in our own country. There was the same general lamentation at our fate. *Arme Herren!* ("Poor gentlemen!") was on the lips of all.

Sometimes, on entering another district, our escort was compelled to stop, in order to decide where to take up our quarters. Then the people would gather round us, and utter exclamations of compassion which evidently came from the heart. These proofs of popular feeling were still more gratifying to me, than such as I had met with from my own countrymen. Oh! how grateful I was to them all! What a solace is the compassion of our fellow-men! How pleasant it is to love them!

The consolation which was thus afforded me helped to soothe my bitter indignation against those whom I called my enemies. Yet possibly, I reflected, if we were brought more nearly together, could see each other's real motives, and explain each other's feelings, I might be constrained to admit that they are not impelled by the malignant spirit I suppose; while they would find there was as little of evil in me. Nay, we

might perhaps be induced to feel mutual pity and love.

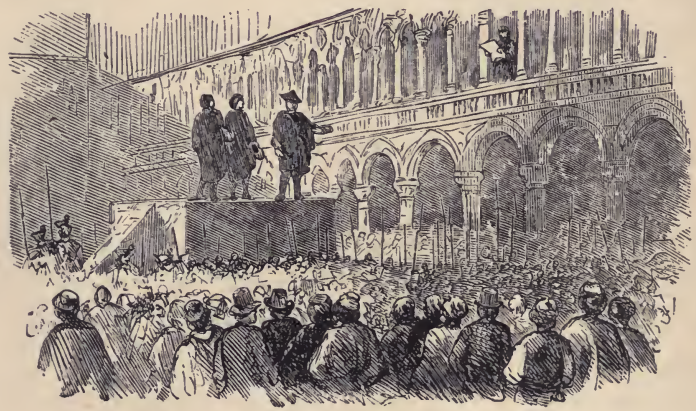
It is true, indeed, that men too often hate, merely because they are strangers to each other's real views and feelings; and the simple interchange of a few words would make them acknowledge their error, and give the hand of brotherhood to each other.

We remained a day at Laybach; and there Canova and Rezia were separated from us, being forthwith conducted to the castle. It is easy to imagine our feelings on this painful occasion.

The evening of our arrival at Laybach, and the day following, a gentleman visited us, who, if I rightly understood, announced himself as the municipal secretary. His manners were gentle and humane, and he spoke of religion in a tone at once elevated and impressive. I conjectured he must be a priest,—the priests in Germany being accustomed to dress exactly in the same style as laymen. His countenance was calculated to inspire esteem. I regretted my being unable further to cultivate his acquaintance, and I blame myself for carelessness in forgetting his name.

It grieves me, too, that I cannot at this time recall the name of another gentle being, a young girl of Styria, who followed us through the crowd, and, when our coach stopped for a few

minutes, saluted us with both hands, and then turned away weeping, supported by a young man, whose light hair proclaimed him of German extraction, but who, perhaps, had been in Italy, where he had fallen in love with our fair country-woman, and had become attached to our country. What pleasure would it have given me to record the names of those venerable fathers and mothers of families, who, in different districts, accosted us on our road, inquiring if we had parents and friends; and who, on hearing that we had, would grow pale, and exclaim, "Alas! may it please God soon to restore you to those bereaved ones whom you have left behind!"



CHAPTER XX.

He arrives at Brünn. — Is confined in the fortress of Spielberg. — Old Schiller, the head-jailer. — Pellico in a fever.

ON the 10th of April, we arrived at our place of destination.

The city of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, where the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia is accustomed to reside. Situated in a pleasant valley, it presents a rich and noble aspect. At one time, it was a great manufactory of cloth; but its prosperous days were now passed, and its population did not exceed thirty thousand.

Contiguous to the walls on the western side rises a mount, on which stands the dreaded fortress of Spielberg, once the royal seat of the lords of Moravia, and now the severest prison of the Austrian monarchy. It was a well-guarded citadel, but was bombarded and taken by the French after the celebrated battle of Austerlitz, a village at a little distance from it. It was not repaired for the purpose of a fortress; but a portion of the outworks, which had been wholly demolished, were rebuilt. Within it are imprisoned some three hundred wretches, for the most part robbers

and assassins: some condemned to severe imprisonment (*carcere duro*); others, to that called *durissimo*, the severest of all. The "*severe imprisonment*" comprehends compulsory daily labor, wearing chains on the legs, sleeping on bare boards, and eating the worst imaginable food. The *very severe imprisonment* signifies being chained in a more horrible manner; one part of the iron being fixed in the wall, united to a hoop round the body of the prisoner, so as to prevent his moving further than the board which serves for his couch. We, as state prisoners, were condemned to severe imprisonment. The food, however, is the same; though, in the words of the law, it is prescribed to be *bread and water*.

While mounting the acclivity, we turned our eyes as if to take a last look of the world we were leaving, and doubted if ever the portals of that living grave, which was about to receive us, would be again unclosed to us. I was calm in appearance; but rage and indignation burned within. It was in vain I had recourse to philosophy: it had no arguments to quiet or to support me.

I was in poor health on leaving Venice, and the journey had fatigued me exceedingly. I had a fever, and felt severe pains, both in my head and my limbs. Illness increased my irritation, and probably the last aggravated the disease.

We were consigned to the superintendent of

Spielberg, and our names were registered in the same list as that of the robbers. On taking leave, the imperial commissary shook our hands, and was evidently affected. "Farewell," he said, "and let me recommend to you calmness and submission; for I assure you that the least infraction of discipline will be punished by the governor in the severest manner."

The consignment being made, my friend and myself were conducted into a subterranean gallery, where two dismal-looking dungeons were unlocked, at a distance from each other. In one of these I was entombed alive, and poor Maroncelli in the other.

After having bid adieu to so many beloved objects, and there remains only a single friend between yourself and utter solitude,—the solitude of chains and a living death,—how bitter it is to be separated even from that one! Maroncelli, on leaving me ill and dejected, shed tears over me as one whom, it was most probable, he would never more behold. In him, too, I lamented a noble-minded man, cut off in the splendor of his intellect and the vigor of his days, snatched from society, all its duties and its pleasures, and even from the "common air, the earth, the sky." Yet he survived the unheard-of afflictions heaped upon him; but in what a state did he leave his living tomb!

When I found myself alone in that horrid cavern; heard the closing of the iron doors, and the rattling of chains; and, by the gloomy light of a high window, saw the wooden bench destined for my couch, with an enormous chain fixed in the wall, — I sat down in sullen rage on my hard resting-place, and, taking up the chain, measured its length in the belief that it was destined for me.

In half an hour, I caught the sound of locks and keys: the door opened, and the head-jailer handed me a jug of water.

"Here is something to drink," he said in a rough tone; "and you will have your loaf to-morrow."

"Thanks, my good man."

"I am not good," was the reply.

"The worse for you," I answered rather sharply. "And this great chain," I added, — "is it for me?"

"It is, sir, if you do not keep quiet, — if you get into a rage, or say impertinent things. But, if you are reasonable, we shall only chain you by the feet. The blacksmith is getting all ready."

He then walked sullenly up and down, shak-

ing that horrid ring of enormous keys; while, with angry eye, I measured his gigantic, lean, and aged figure. His features, though not decidedly vulgar, bore the most repulsive expression of brutal severity that I ever beheld.

How unjust mankind are when they presume to judge by appearances, and according to their arrogant prejudices! The man whom I upbraided in my heart for shaking, as it were in triumph, those horrible keys, to make me more keenly sensible of his power, whom I set down as an insignificant tyrant inured to practices of cruelty, was then revolving thoughts of compassion, and had spoken in that harsh tone only to conceal his real feelings. Perhaps he was afraid to trust himself, or thought that I should prove unworthy of gentler treatment; perhaps, though willing to afford me relief, he felt doubtful whether I might not be more criminal than unhappy.

Annoyed by his presence, and by the sort of lordly air he assumed, I determined to try to humble him, and called out, as if speaking to a servant, "Give me something to drink!" He looked at me with an expression which seemed to say, "Arrogant man! this is no place for you to show the airs of a master." Still he was silent, bent his long back, took up the jug, and gave it to me. On taking it from him, I perceived that he trembled; and, believing it to proceed from

age, I felt a mingled emotion of reverence and compassion. "How old are you?" I inquired in a kinder tone.

"Seventy-four, sir. I have lived to see great calamities, as regards both others and myself."

The tremulous motion I had observed increased as he said this, and again took the jug from my hand. I now thought it might be owing to some nobler feeling than the effect of age; and the aversion I had conceived instantaneously left me.

"And what is your name?" I inquired.

"It pleased fortune, sir, to make a fool of me, by giving me the name of a great man. My name is Schiller." He then told me, in a few words, some particulars as to his native place, his family, the campaigns in which he had served, and the wounds he had received.

He was a Swiss, the son of peasants; had been in the wars against the Turks under Marshal Laudon, in the reign of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. He had subsequently served in the Austrian campaigns against France, up to the period of Napoleon's exile.

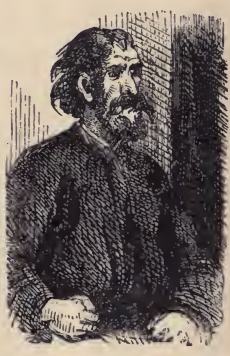
In beginning to form a better opinion of one against whom we had conceived a strong prejudice, we seem to discover in every feature, in his voice, and in his manners, fresh marks of a good disposition, to which we were before strangers. Is this real, or is it not rather founded upon illu-

sion? Shortly before, we interpreted the same expressions in another way. Our judgment of moral qualities has undergone a change, and soon the conclusions drawn from our knowledge of physiognomy are also changed. How many portraits of celebrated men inspire us with respect or admiration because we know their characters, — portraits which we should have pronounced worthless and unattractive, had they represented the ordinary race of mortals! And thus it is, if we reason *vice versâ*. I once laughed at a lady, who, on beholding a likeness of Catiline, mistook it for that of Collatinus, and thought she discovered in the features an expression of profound grief, on the part of Collatinus, for the loss of his Lucretia. This kind of illusion is not uncommon. I would not maintain that the features of good men do not bear the impression of their character, or the features of villains that of their depravity; but I say that there are many which at least have a doubtful cast. In short, I won a little upon old Schiller: I looked at him more attentively, and he no longer appeared forbidding. To say the truth, there was something in his language which, spite of its rough tone, showed the genuine traits of a noble mind. And, spite of our first looks of mutual distrust and defiance, we seemed to feel a certain respect for each other: he spoke boldly what he thought, and so

did I. "Captain as I am," he observed, "I have fallen into this wretched post of jailer as an easier duty; but God knows it is far more disagreeable for me to maintain it, than it was to risk my life in battle."

I was now sorry I had asked him so haughtily to give me drink. "My dear Schiller," I said, grasping his hand, "it is in vain for you to deny it, I know you are a good fellow; and, since I have fallen into this calamity, I thank Heaven which has given me you for a keeper!"

He listened to me, shook his head, and then rubbed his forehead, like a man in some perplexity or trouble.



"No, sir, I am bad, — rank bad. They made me take an oath, which I must and will keep. I am bound to treat all the prisoners, without distinction, with equal severity; no indulgence, no permission to relent, or to soften the sternest orders, particularly as regards prisoners of state."

"You are a noble fellow: I respect you for making your duty a point of conscience. You may err, humanly speaking; but your motives are pure in the eyes of God."

"Poor gentleman, have patience, and pity me. I shall be hard as steel in my duty; but my

heart bleeds at being unable to relieve the unfortunate. This is all I wished to say." We were both affected.

He then entreated that I would preserve my calmness, and not, as is too often the case with solitary prisoners, give way to passion, which calls for restraint, and even for severer punishment.

He afterwards resumed his gruff, affected tone, as if to conceal the compassion he felt for me; observing that it was high time for him to go.

He came back, however, and inquired how long a time I had been inflicted with that horrible cough, reflecting sharply upon the physician for not coming to see me that very evening. "You are ill of a fever," he added: "I see it well. You will need a straw bed; but we cannot give you one till the doctor has ordered it."

He retired, and locked the door; and I threw myself upon the hard boards with considerable fever and pain in my chest, but less irritable, less at enmity with mankind, and less alienated from God.

CHAPTER XXI.

The jailers search the prison. — Pellico's apprehensions. — Schiller's kindness. — Pellico is removed to a better cell. — The prison costume. — Count Antonio Oroboni.

IN the evening, the superintendent came, attended by Schiller, another captain, and two soldiers, to make the usual search. Three of these inquisitions were ordered each day, at morning, noon, and midnight. Every corner of the prison and every article of the most trivial kind were examined. The inferior officers then left, and the superintendent remained a little time to converse with me.

The first time I saw this troop of jailers approach, a strange thought came into my head. Being unacquainted with their habits of search, and half-delirious from fever, I fancied that they were come to take my life; and, seizing my great chain, I resolved to sell it dearly by knocking on the head the first that offered to molest me.

"What mean you?" exclaimed the superintendent: "we are not going to hurt you. It is merely a formal visit to ascertain that all is in proper order in the prisons."

I hesitated; but when I saw Schiller advance,

and stretch forth his hand with a kind, paternal look, I dropped the chain, and took the proffered hand between mine. "Lord! how it burns!" he said, turning towards the superintendent: "he ought at least to have a straw bed;" and he said this in so truly compassionate a tone as quite to win my heart. The superintendent felt my pulse, and spoke some consolatory words: he was a man of gentlemanly manners, but dared not take any responsibility.

"It is all a reign of terror here," said he, "even as regards myself. Should I not execute my orders to the letter, you would no longer see me here." Schiller made a long face, and I could have wagered he said within himself, "But if I were at the head, like you, I would not carry my apprehensions so very far; for to give an opinion on a matter of such evident necessity, and so harmless to the government, would never be esteemed a great offence."

When left alone, my heart, so long incapable of any deep sense of religion, stirred within me; and I knelt down to pray. I besought a blessing upon the head of Schiller; and, appealing to God, asked that he would so move the hearts of those around me, as to permit me to become attached to them, and no longer suffer me to hate my fellow-beings, humbly accepting all that was to be inflicted upon me from his hand.

About midnight, I heard people passing along the gallery. Keys were rattling, and soon the door opened: it was the captain and his guards on search.

"Where is my old Schiller?" inquired I. He had stopped outside in the gallery.

"I am here, — I am here!" was the answer. He came towards the boards on which I was lying, and, feeling my pulse, hung over me, as a father would over his child, with anxious and inquiring look. "Now I remember," said he, "to-morrow is Thursday! Yes, too surely!"

"And what of that?" I inquired.

"Why! it is one of the very days when the doctor does not attend: he comes only on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Plague on him!"

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that."

"No uneasiness, no uneasiness!" he muttered; "but I do. You are ill, I see. Nothing is talked of in the whole town but the arrival of yourself and friends. The doctor must have heard of it; and why the devil could he not make the extraordinary exertion of coming once oftener than usual?"

"Who knows?" said I, "perhaps he may be here to-morrow, — Thursday though it will be!"

The old man said no more, but gave me a squeeze of the hand, enough to break every bone in my fingers, as a mark of his approbation of my courage and resignation. But, though I was hurt, I took pleasure in it, much as a young lover does, if the girl of his heart happen in dancing to press her foot upon his: he laughs, and esteems himself highly favored, instead of crying out with the pain.

On Thursday morning, after a horrible night, I awoke weak, aching in all my bones from lying on the hard boards, and in a profuse perspiration. The visit-hour came, but the superintendent was absent: he arrived at a more convenient time. I said to Schiller, "Just see how terribly I perspire; but it is now growing cold on my skin. What a treat it would be to change my shirt!"

"You cannot do it," he said, in a brutal tone. At the same time he winked, and moved his hand as a sign. The captain and guards withdrew; and Schiller made me another sign, as he closed the door. He soon opened it again, and brought one of his own shirts, long enough to cover me from head to feet, even if doubled.

"It is a little too long for you, but I have no others here now."

"I thank you, friend; but, as I brought with

me a trunk full of linen, I do hope that I may be permitted the use of it. Have the kindness to ask the superintendent to let me have one of my shirts."

"You will not be permitted, sir, to use any of your linen here. Each week you will have a prison shirt given to you, like the other prisoners."

"You see, good man, in what a condition I am. I shall never go out of here alive. I shall never be able to reward you."

"For shame, sir, for shame!" said the old man. "Talk of reward to one who can do you no good, — to one who dare hardly give a dry shirt to a sick fellow-creature in a sweat!" And he helped me on with his long shirt, grumbling all the while, and slammed the door with violence on going out, as if he had been in a great rage.

About two hours after, he brought me a piece of black bread. "This," he said, "is your two days' fare!" Then he began to walk about in a sulky mood.

"What is the matter?" I inquired: "are you vexed at me? You know I took the shirt."

"I am enraged at that doctor. Though it is Thursday, he might show his ugly face here."

"Patience!" said I; but, though I said it, I knew not for the life of me how to get the least rest upon those hard boards, without a pillow.

Every bone in my body ached. At eleven I was treated to the prison dinner, — a little iron pot of soup, and another of beans, cooked in such a way that the mere smell was disgusting. I tried to swallow a few spoonfuls, but did not succeed. Schiller encouraged me. "Never despair!" said he; "try again: you will get used to it in time. If you don't, you will be, like many others before you, unable to eat any thing but bread; and you will die of exhaustion."

At last Friday morning came, and with it came Dr. Bayer. He found me very feverish, ordered me a straw bed, and insisted that I should be removed from the caverns into one of the abodes above. It could not be done: there was no room vacant. An appeal was made to the governor of Moravia and Silesia, resident at Brünn, who, considering the urgency of the case, commanded that the medical advice should be followed.

There was some light in the room to which I was removed. I crawled towards the bars of the narrow window, and had the delight of seeing the valley below, part of the city of Brünn, a suburb with gardens, the church-yard, the little lake of Certosa, and the woody hills which lay between us and the famous plains of Austerlitz. I was enchanted; and "Oh, what double pleasure," thought I, "would be mine, if I were able to share it with my poor friend Maroncelli!"

Meanwhile, our prison dresses were being made for us; and five days afterwards mine was brought to me. It consisted of a pair of pantaloons made of rough cloth, of which the right side was gray, the left of orange color. The waistcoat was likewise of two colors, as well as the jacket, but with the same colors placed on the contrary sides. The stockings were of the coarsest wool; the shirt of linen tow, full of sharp points,—a real sackcloth garment; and round the neck was a piece of the same kind. Our legs were enveloped in leather buskins, untanned; and we wore a coarse white hat.

This costume was not complete without the addition of chains to the feet; that is, a chain from one leg to the other, the joints being fastened with nails which were riveted upon an anvil. The blacksmith employed in this operation upon my legs, thinking that I knew nothing of German, observed in that language to one of the guards, "As ill as he is, one would think they might spare him this sort of fun. Ere two months be over, the angel of death will loosen these rivets of mine."

Möchte es seyn! ("may it be so!") was my

reply, as I touched him upon the shoulder. The poor fellow started, and seemed quite confused. Then he said, "I hope I may be a false prophet; and I wish you may be set free by quite another kind of angel."

"Yet, do you not think, that, rather than live thus, even the angel of death would be welcome?" He nodded his head, and went away, with a look of deep compassion for me.

In truth, I would have been willing to die; but I felt no disposition to commit suicide. I confidently expected that the disease of my lungs would be enough, ere long, to give me freedom. Such was not the will of God. The fatigue of my journey had made me much worse, but rest seemed again to restore my powers.

A few minutes after the blacksmith left me, I heard the hammer sounding upon the anvil in one of the caverns below. Schiller was then in my room. "Do you hear those blows?" I said: "they are certainly fixing the irons on poor Maroncelli." The idea for the moment was so overwhelming, that, if the old man had not caught me, I should have fallen. For more than half an hour, I continued in a kind of swoon, and yet I was sensible. I could not speak: my pulse scarcely beat at all; a cold sweat bathed me from head to foot. Still I could hear all that Schiller said, and had a keen

perception both of what had passed and was passing.

By command of the superintendent and the activity of the guards, the whole of the adjacent prisons had been kept in a state of profound silence. Three or four times, I had caught snatches of some Italian song; but they were quickly stifled by the calls of the sentinels on duty. Of these, several were stationed upon the ground-floor, under our windows, and one in the gallery close by, who was continually engaged in listening at the doors and looking through the bars to forbid every kind of noise.

Once, towards evening (I feel the same sort of emotion whenever I recur to it), it happened that the sentinels were less on the alert; and I heard some one singing in a low but clear voice, in a cell adjoining my own. What joy, what agitation, I felt at the sound! I rose from my bed of straw, and eagerly listened; and, when it ceased, I burst into tears. "Who art thou, unhappy one?" I cried: "who art thou? Tell me thy name! I am Silvio Pellico."

"O Silvio!" cried my neighbor, "I know you not by person, but I have long loved you. Get up to your window, and let us speak to each other, in spite of the jailers."

I crawled up as well as I could. He told me his name, and we exchanged a few words of

kindness. It was the Count Antonio Oroboni, a native of Fratta, near Rovigo; and he was only twenty-nine years of age. Alas ! we were soon interrupted by the ferocious cries of the sentinels. The one in the gallery knocked as loud as he could with the but-end of his musket, both at the count's door and at mine. We would not and we could not obey: but the noise, the oaths, and threats of the guards were such as to drown our voices; and, after arranging to resume our communication upon a change of guards, we ceased to converse.

CHAPTER XXII.

Conversations between Pellico and Oroboni. — Hospital diet. — Hunger. — The walks in the court-yard. — The prisoners and the guards.

WE were in hopes (and so, in fact, it happened), that, by speaking in a lower tone, and perhaps occasionally having guards whose humanity would prompt them to pay no attention to us, we might renew our conversation. By dint of practice, we learned to speak in so low a key, that the sounds were almost sure to escape the notice of the sentinels. If, but it rarely happened, we forgot ourselves, and talked aloud, there came down upon us a torrent of cries, and knocks at our doors, accompanied with threats and curses of every kind, to say nothing of the vexation of poor Schiller and the superintendent.

By degrees, however, we brought our system to perfection; spoke only at the precise minutes, quarters, and half-hours, when it was safe, or when such and such guards were upon duty. At length, with moderate caution, we were enabled every day to converse almost as much as we pleased, without drawing on us the attention or anger of any of the superior officers.

It was thus we contracted an intimate friendship. The count told me his adventures; and, in turn, I related mine. We sympathized in every thing we heard, and in all each other's joys or griefs. It was of infinite advantage to us, as well as pleasure; for, often after passing a sleepless night, one or the other would hasten to the window, and salute his friend. How these mutual welcomes and conversations helped to encourage us, and to soothe the horrors of our continued solitude! We felt that we were useful to each other; and the sense of this roused a gentle emulation in all our thoughts, and gave us that satisfaction which one receives, even in misery, when he can serve a fellow-creature. Each conversation gave rise to a new one; it was necessary to continue them, and to explain as we went on. It was an unceasing stimulus to our intellect, our memory, our imagination, and our hearts.

At first, indeed, calling to mind Julian, I was doubtful as to the fidelity of this new friend. I reflected that hitherto we had not been at variance; but, some day, I feared something unpleasant might occur, — he would give me up, and then I should be sent back to my solitude. But this suspicion was soon removed. Our opinions harmonized on all essential points, with this exception, that to a noble mind, full of ardor and generous sentiment, undaunted by misfortune, he

united the most clear and perfect faith in Christianity; while in me this faith had become vacillating, and at times apparently extinct.

He combated my doubts with just and admirable reflections; and, with equal affection, feeling that he had reason on his side, I yielded to him. Yet still my doubts returned. It is thus, I believe, with all who have not the gospel at heart, and who indulge in hatred or resentments of any kind. The mind catches glimpses, as it were, of the truth; but, being disagreeable, it is disbelieved the moment after, and the attention directed elsewhere.

Oroboni was indefatigable in turning my attention to the motives which man has to show kindness to his enemies. When I spoke of any one I abhorred, he began in a most dexterous manner to defend him, and not less by his words than by his example. Many men had injured him: it grieved him; yet he forgave all, and had the magnanimity to relate something praiseworthy of each, and seemed to do it with pleasure.

The irritation which had obtained such a mastery over me, and made me so irreligious after my condemnation, continued several weeks, and then wholly ceased. The noble virtue of Oroboni delighted me. Struggling as well as I could to attain it, I began to tread in the same footsteps, and was able to pray with sincerity; to

forgive, to hate no one, and dissipate every remaining doubt and gloom. *Ubi charitas et amor, Deus ibi est;* "Where charity and love are, God is present."

To say the truth, if our punishment was excessively severe, and calculated to irritate the mind, we had still the rare fortune of meeting only with individuals of real worth. They could not, indeed, alleviate our situation, except by kindness and respect; but so much was freely granted. If there were something rude and uncouth in old Schiller, it was amply compensated for by his noble spirit. Even the wretched Kunda[20] (the convict who brought us our dinner and water, three times a day) was anxious to show his compassion for us. He swept our rooms regularly twice a week. One morning, while thus engaged, as Schiller turned a few steps from the door, poor Kunda offered me a piece of white bread. I refused it, but squeezed him cordially by the hand. He was moved, and said to me, in bad German (he was a Pole), "Good sir, they give you so little to eat here, that I am sure you must be hungry." I assured him I was not; but he was very hard of belief.

The physician, perceiving that we were none of us able to swallow the kind of food prepared for us on our first arrival, put us all upon what was called the hospital diet. This consisted of

three very small plates of soup, the least slice of roast lamb, — hardly a mouthful, — and about three ounces of white bread daily.

As my health continued to improve, my appetite grew better, and that "quarter portion," as they termed it, was really too little; and I began to feel the justice of poor Kunda's remarks. I tried a return to the sound diet; but, do what I would to conquer my aversion, it was all labor lost. I was compelled to live upon the fourth part of ordinary meals; and, for a whole year, I knew by experience the tortures of hunger. It was still more severely felt by many of my fellow-prisoners, who, being far stouter, had been accustomed to a full and generous diet. I learned that many of them were glad to accept pieces of bread from Schiller and some of the guards, and even from the poor, hungry Kunda.

"It is reported in the city," the barber, a young man who attended as a surgeon, one day said to me, — "it is reported that they do not give you gentlemen here enough to eat."

"And it is very true," replied I, with perfect sincerity.

The next Sunday (he always came on that day) he brought me an immense white loaf; and Schiller pretended not to see him give it me. Had I listened to my stomach, I should have accepted it; but I would not, lest he should re-

peat the gift, and bring himself into some trouble. For the same reason, I refused Schiller's offers. He would often bring me boiled meat, entreating me to partake of it, and protesting it cost him nothing: besides, he said, he knew not what to do with it, and must give it away to somebody. I could have devoured it; but would he not then be tempted to offer me something every day, and what would it end in? Twice only I partook of some cherries and some pears:[21] they were quite irresistible. I was punished as I expected; for, from that time, the old man never ceased bringing me fruit of some kind.

It was arranged on our arrival, that each of us should be permitted to walk an hour twice a week. This relief was afterwards granted us every other day, and at a later period, every day, except holidays.

We went each separately, between two guards with loaded muskets on their shoulders. In passing from my cell at the head of the gallery, I went by the whole of the Italian prisoners, with the exception of Maroncelli, who was the only one condemned to linger in the caverns below. "A pleasant walk!" they all

whispered, as they saw me pass; but I was not allowed to exchange a single word.

I was led down a staircase which opened into a spacious court, where we walked upon a terrace, with a south aspect, and a view of the city of Brünn and the surrounding country. In this court-yard, we saw numbers of the common criminals coming from or going to their labor, or passing along in groups conversing. Among them were several Italian robbers, who saluted me with great respect, and said among themselves, "He is no rogue like us, yet his punishment is more severe;" and it was true, that they had a larger share of freedom than I had.

On hearing expressions like these, I turned, and saluted them with a good-natured look. One of them observed, "It does me good to see you, sir, when you notice me. Possibly you may see something in my look not so very wicked. An unhappy passion instigated me to commit a crime; but believe me, sir, I am no villain!"

Saying this, he burst into tears. I gave him my hand, but he was unable to return the pressure. At that moment, my guard, according to their instructions, drove him away, declaring that they must permit no one to approach me. The observations subsequently addressed to me were pretended to be spoken among each other; and,

if my two attendants became aware of it, they quickly imposed silence.

Prisoners of various ranks, and visitors of the superintendent, the chaplain, the sergeant, or some of the captains, were likewise to be seen there. "That is an Italian; that is an Italian!" they often whispered each other. They stopped to look at me; and they would say in German, supposing I should not understand them, "That poor gentleman will never grow old: he has death in his countenance."

In fact, after recovering some degree of strength, I fell ill for want of nourishment; and fever again attacked me. I was scarcely able to drag myself, as far as my chain would permit, along the walk; and, throwing myself upon the turf, I commonly rested there until the expiration of my hour. The guards would then sit down near me, and converse with each other. One of them, a Bohemian, named Kral, had, though very poor, received some sort of an education, which he had himself improved by reflection. He was fond of reading, and had studied Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and many other distinguished German writers. He had a good memory, and repeated many passages with feeling and correctness. The other guard was a Pole, named Kubitzki, wholly untaught, but kind and respectful. Their society was a great relief to me.[22]

CHAPTER XXIII.

A captain's sick wife. — Womanly tenderness. — More bad health. — Schiller's sermonizing. — Loud conversation between Pellico and Oroboni.

AT one end of this terrace were situated the apartments of the superintendent; at the other, was the residence of a captain, with his wife and son. Whenever I saw any one appear from these buildings, I was in the habit of approaching near, and was invariably received with marks of courtesy and compassion.

The wife of the captain [23] had long been ill, and appeared to be in a decline. She was sometimes carried into the open air, and it was astonishing to see the sympathy she expressed for our sufferings. She had the sweetest look I ever saw; and, though evidently timid, would at times, when appealed to by name, fix her eye upon me with an inquiring, confiding glance. One day I observed to her, with a smile, "Do you know, signora, I see a resemblance be-

tween you and one who was very dear to me?" She blushed, and replied with charming simplicity, "Do not then forget me when I shall be no more: pray for my unhappy soul, and for the little ones I leave behind me." I never saw her after that day. She was unable to rise from her bed, and in a few months I heard of her death.

She left three sons; all beautiful as cherubs, and one yet an infant at the breast. I had often seen the poor mother embrace them when I was by, and say, with tears in her eyes, "Who will be their mother when I am gone? Ah! whoever she may be, may it please the Father of all to inspire her with love, even for children not her own!"

Often, when she was no more, did I embrace those fair children, shed tears over them, and invoked their mother's blessing on them in the same words. Thoughts of my own mother, and of the prayers which, doubtless, she so often offered up for *her* lost son, would then come over me; and I added, with broken words and sighs, "O happier mother than mine! you indeed left these innocent ones, so young and fair; but my dear mother devoted long years of care and tenderness to me, and saw the object of them snatched from her at a blow."

These children were entrusted to the care of two elderly and excellent women; one of them

the mother, and the other the aunt, of the superintendent. They wished to hear the whole of my history, and I related it to them as briefly as I could. "How much we regret," they observed with warm sympathy, "that we are unable to help you in any way! Be assured, however, we offer up constant prayers for you; and, if ever the day comes that is to bring you liberty, it will be celebrated by all our family, like one of the happiest festivals."

The first-mentioned of these ladies had a remarkably sweet and soothing voice, and an eloquence rarely to be heard from the lips of woman. I listened to her religious exhortations with a feeling of filial gratitude, and they sunk deep into my heart. Her observations, though not new to me, were always of great value, and applicable to my situation, as will appear from what follows: —

"Misfortune cannot degrade a man, unless he be intrinsically mean: it rather elevates him." — "If we could penetrate the judgments of God, we should find that frequently the objects most to be pitied were the conquerors, not the conquered; the joyous rather than the sorrowful; the wealthy rather than those who are despoiled of all." — "The particular kindness shown by the Saviour of mankind to the unfortunate is the expression of a great truth." — "A man ought to feel hon-

ored in bearing the cross, when he considers that it was borne up the mount of our redemption by a Divine Being."

Such were among the excellent sentiments she inculcated; but it was my lot, as usual, to lose these delightful friends when I had become most attached to them. They removed from the castle, and the sweet children no longer made their appearance upon the terrace. I felt this double deprivation more than I can express.

The inconvenience I experienced from the chain upon my legs, which prevented me from sleeping, destroyed my health. Schiller wished me to petition, and declared that it was the duty of the physician to order the chain to be taken off. For some time I refused to listen to him; then I yielded, and informed the doctor, that, in order to obtain a little sleep, I should be thankful to have the chain removed, if only for a few days. He answered that my fever did not yet require the removal; and that it was necessary I should become accustomed to the chain. I was indignant at this reply, and at myself for having asked the favor. "See what I have gained by following your advice," said I to Schiller; and I said it in a very sharp tone, not a little offensive to the old man.

"You are vexed," he exclaimed, "because you met with a denial; and I am as much so with

your arrogance! Could I help it?" Then he began a long sermon. "The proud value themselves mightily in never exposing themselves to a refusal, in never accepting an offer, and in being ashamed of a thousand little matters. *Alle eseleyen!* It is all nonsense! Vain pride, want of true dignity, which consists in being ashamed only of bad actions!" He went off, and made the door ring with a tremendous noise.

I was dismayed; yet his rough sincerity scarcely displeased me. Had he not spoken the truth? To how many weaknesses had I not given the name of dignity, while they were nothing but pride!

At the dinner-hour, Schiller left my fare to the convict Kunda, who brought me some water, while Schiller stood outside. I called him. "I have no time," he replied very dryly.

I rose, and going to him, said, "If you wish my dinner to agree with me, pray don't look so sour: it is worse than vinegar."

"And how ought I to look?" he asked, rather more appeased.

"Cheerful, and like a friend," was my reply.

"Let us be merry, then. *Viva l'allegria!*" cried the old man. "And, if it will make your dinner agree with you, I will dance you a hornpipe into the bargain." And, assuming a broad grin, he began to kick with his long, lean, spin-

dle shanks, which he worked about like two huge stilts, till I thought I should have died with laughing. I laughed and almost cried at the same time.

One evening, Count Oroboni and I were standing at our windows, complaining of the mean diet to which we were subjected. Animated by the subject, we talked a little too loud; and the sentinels began to upbraid us. The superintendent also called in a loud voice to Schiller, as he happened to be passing, and inquired in a threatening voice why he did not keep a better watch, and teach us to be silent. Schiller came to me in a great rage to complain, and ordered me never more to think of speaking from the window. He wished me to promise that I would not.

"No," replied I: "I shall do no such thing."

"Oh, *der Teufel! der Teufel!*" exclaimed the old man; "do you say that to me? Have I not had a horrible strapping on your account?"

"I am sorry, dear Schiller, if you have suffered on my account. But I cannot promise what I do not mean to perform."

"And why not perform it?"

"Because I cannot; because this continual solitude is such a torment to me. No: I will speak as long as I have breath, and invite my neighbor to talk to me. If he refuse, I will talk to my

window-bars, I will talk to the hills before me, I will talk to the birds as they fly about. I will talk."

"*Der Teufel!* you will! You had better promise."

"No, no, no! never!" I exclaimed.

He threw down his huge bunch of keys, and ran about, crying, "*Der Teufel! der Teufel!*" Then, all at once, he threw his long bony arms about my neck, exclaiming with an oath, "You shall talk! Am I to cease to be a man because of this vile mob of keys? You are a gentleman, and I like your spirit. I know you will not promise. I would do the same in your place."

I picked up his keys, and presented them to him. "These keys," said I, "are not so bad after all: they cannot turn an honest soldier, like you, into a villanous cut-throat."

"Why, if I thought they could, I would hand them back to my superiors; and say, 'If you will give me no bread but the wages of a hangman, I will go, and beg alms from door to door.'"

He took out his handkerchief, dried his eyes, and then, raising them, seemed to pray inwardly for some time. I, too, offered up my secret prayers for this good old man. He saw it, and took my hand with a look of grateful respect.

Upon leaving me, he said in a low voice, "When you speak with Count Oroboni, speak as

I do now. You will do me a double kindness. I shall hear no more threats from my lord superintendent; and, by not making it necessary for any remarks of yours to be repeated in his ear, you will avoid giving fresh irritation to one who knows how to punish."

I assured him that not a word should come from either of our lips, which could possibly give cause of offence. In fact, we required no further instructions to be cautious. Two prisoners, desirous of communication, are skilful enough to invent a language of their own, without the least danger of its being interpreted by any listener.

CHAPTER XXIV.

His meeting with Oroboni. — The count's illness. — Pellico again thinks of suicide. — His conversations with Oroboni on religion. — His studies.

I HAD just been taking my morning's walk: it was the 7th of August. Oroboni's dungeon door was standing open: Schiller was within, and he was not sensible of my approach. My guards pressed forward in order to close my friend's door; but I was too quick for them. I darted into the room, and the next moment found myself in the arms of Count Oroboni.

Schiller was in dismay, and cried out, "*Der Teufel! der Teufel!*" most vigorously; at the same time, raising his finger in a threatening attitude. It was in vain; for his eyes filled with tears, and he cried out, sobbing, "O my God! have pity on these poor young men and on me; and on all the unhappy

like them, Thou who didst suffer so much upon earth!" The guards also wept; the sentinel on duty in the gallery ran to the spot, and even he caught the infection.

"Silvio, Silvio!" exclaimed the count, "this is the most delightful day of my life." I know not how I answered him: I was nearly distracted with joy and emotion.

When Schiller at length beseeched us to separate, and it was necessary we should obey, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears. "Are we never to see each other again upon earth?" he exclaimed, in a wild, prophetic tone.

Alas! I never saw him more! A very few months after this parting, his dungeon was empty; and Oroboni lay at rest in the cemetery, on which I looked from out my window.

From the time of this brief interview, it seemed as if the tie which bound us were drawn closer round our hearts; and we were become still more necessary to each other.

He was a fine-looking young man, with a noble countenance, but pale, and in poor health. Still, his eyes retained all their lustre. My affection for him was increased by a knowledge of his extreme weakness and sufferings. He felt for me in the same manner: we saw by how frail a tenure hung the lives of both, and that one must speedily be the survivor.

In a few days, he became worse: I could only grieve and pray for him. After several feverish attacks, he recovered a little, and was able even to resume conversation. What ineffable pleasure I experienced on hearing once more the sound of his voice! "You seem glad," he said; "but do not deceive yourself: it is but for a short time. Have the courage to prepare for my departure, and your virtuous resolution will inspire me also with courage."

At this period, the walls of our prisons were about to be whitewashed; and, meantime, we were to take up our abode in the caverns below. Unfortunately, they placed us in dungeons apart from each other. But Schiller told me that the count was well; though I had my doubts, and dreaded lest his health should receive a last blow from the effects of his subterranean abode. "If it had only been my good fortune," thought I, "to be near my friend Maroncelli!" I could distinguish his voice, however, as he sung. We spoke to each other, spite of the shouts and conversation of the guard. At the same period, the head-physician of Brünn paid us a visit. He was sent in consequence of the report made by the superintendent in regard to the extreme ill health of the prisoners, caused by the scanty allowance of food. A scorbutic epidemic was also fast emptying the dungeons. Not being aware of the cause of his

visit, I imagined that he came to see Oroboni; and my anxiety was inexpressible. I was bowed down with sorrow; and I, too, wished to die. The thought of suicide again tormented me. I struggled against it; but I was like the weary traveller, who, though compelled to press forward, feels an almost irresistible desire to throw himself upon the ground, and rest.

I had just been informed, that, in one of those subterranean dens, an aged Bohemian gentleman had recently destroyed himself by beating his head against the walls. I wish I had not heard it, for I could not drive from my thoughts the temptation to imitate him. It was a sort of delirium, and would most probably have ended in suicide, if a violent gush of blood from my chest had not made me think that my death was close at hand. I was thankful to God that it should happen in this manner, and spare me an act of desperation, which my reason so strongly condemned. But Providence ordered it otherwise: I found myself considerably better after the discharge of blood from my lungs. Meantime, I was removed to the prison above; and the additional light, and my being once more in the vicinity of my friend Oroboni, reconciled me to life.

I informed the count of the dreadful melancholy I had endured when separated from him; and he

declared that he had been haunted with a similar temptation to suicide. "Let us take advantage," he said, "of the little time that remains for us, by mutually consoling each other. We will speak of God; emulate each other in loving him; and inculcate upon each other that He only is Justice, Wisdom, Goodness, Beauty, — is all that is most worthy to be reverenced and adored. I tell you, friend, of a truth, that death is not far from me. I shall be eternally grateful, Silvio, if you will help me, in these my last moments, to become as religious as I ought to have been during my whole life."

We now, therefore, confined our conversation wholly to religious subjects, especially to drawing parallels between the Christian philosophy and that of the mere worldly founders of the Epicurean schools. We were both delighted in perceiving the conformity between Christianity and reason; and, on comparing the different evangelical systems, we fully agreed that Catholicism was the only religion which could successfully resist the test of criticism; and which — not consisting of wretched extremes, the product of human ignorance — combined the soundest doctrines with the purest morality.

"And if by any unexpected accident," observed Oroboni, "we should be restored to society, should we be so weak-minded as to shrink from confess-

ing our faith in the gospel? Should we stand firm, if accused of having changed our sentiments in consequence of prison discipline?"

"Your question, my dear Oroboni," I replied, "acquaints me with the nature of your reply; and it is also mine. The vilest servility is that of being subjected to the opinions of others, when we feel a persuasion, at the same time, that they are false. I cannot believe that either you or I could be guilty of so much meanness." During these confidential communications, I committed one fault. I had pledged my honor to Julian never to reveal, by mention of his real name, the correspondence which had passed between us. I informed poor Oroboni of it all, observing that it should never escape my lips in any other place. "But here we are immured as in a tomb; and, even should you be liberated, I know I can confide in you as in myself."

My excellent friend returned no answer. "Why are you silent?" I inquired. He then seriously upbraided me for having broken my word, and betrayed my friend's secret. His reproach was just: no friendship, however intimate, however fortified by virtue, can authorize such a violation of confidence, guaranteed, as it had been, by a sacred vow.

Since, however, it was done, Oroboni was desirous of turning my fault to a good account.

He was acquainted with Julian, and related several traits of his character, highly honorable to him. "Indeed," he added, "he has so often acted like a true Christian, that he will never carry with him to the grave his enmity to such a religion. Let us hope so; let us not cease to hope. And you, Silvio, try to pardon his ill-humor from your heart; and pray for him." His words were held sacred by me.

The conversations of which I speak, sometimes with Oroboni, and sometimes with Schiller, occupied but a small portion of the twenty-four hours of my long day. It was not always, moreover, that I could converse with Oroboni.

How was I to pass the solitary hours?

I was accustomed to rise at dawn; and, mounting upon the top of my table, I grasped the bars of my window, and there said my prayers. The count was already at his window, or speedily followed my example. We saluted each other, and continued for a time in secret prayer. Horrible as our dungeons were, they made us more truly sensible of the beauty of the world without, and the landscape that spread around us. The sky, the plains, the distant noise and motion of animals in the valley, the voices of the village maidens, the laugh, the song, had for us a charm which it is difficult to express, and made us more dearly sensible of the presence of Him who is so munifi-

cent in his goodness, and of whom we so much stood in need.

Then came the morning visit of the guards, devoted to an examination of my dungeon, to see that all was in order. They felt at my chain, link by link, to be sure that no conspiracy was at work, or rather in obedience to the laws of discipline, which bound them. If it were the day for the doctor's visit, Schiller was accustomed to ask us if we wished to see him, and to make a note to that effect.

The search being over, Schiller again made his appearance, accompanied by Kunda, whose care it was to clean our rooms. Shortly after, he brought our breakfast, — a little pot half full of broth, and three small slices of coarse bread. The bread I was able to eat, but could not contrive to drink the swill.

It was next my business to apply to study. Maroncelli had brought many books from Italy, and our fellow-prisoners had each brought a number, some more, some less; but altogether they formed a good library. This, too, we hoped to enlarge by some purchases, but awaited an answer from the emperor, as to whether we might

be permitted to read our own books and buy others. Meantime, the governor gave us permission, *provisionally*, to have each two books at a time, and to exchange them when we pleased. About nine o'clock the superintendent came; and the doctor, if he had been summoned, accompanied him.

I was allowed another interval for study between this and the dinner-hour at eleven.

We had no further visits till sunset, and I returned to my studies. Schiller and Kunda then appeared with a change of water; and, a moment afterwards, the superintendent with the guards, to make their evening inspection, never forgetting my chain. Either before or after dinner, as best pleased the guards, we were in turn permitted to take our hour's walk. The evening search being over, Oroboni and I began our conversation, — always more extended than at any other hour. The other periods were, as related, in the morning, or directly after dinner; but our words were then generally very brief. At times the sentinels were so kind as to say, "In a little lower key, gentlemen, or the punishment will fall upon us." Not unfrequently, they would pretend not to see us; and, if the sergeant appeared, they begged us to stop till he had passed, when they told us we might talk again; "but as low as you possibly can, gentlemen, if you please!"

Occasionally it happened that they would quietly accost us themselves, answer our questions, and give us some information respecting Italy.

When they touched on some topics, we entreated them to be silent, refusing to give any answer. We were naturally doubtful whether these voluntary conversations on their part were really sincere, or the result of an artful attempt to pry into our secret opinions.

I am, however, inclined to think that they meant all in good part, and spoke to us in perfect kindness and frankness of heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

Further conversations. — Maroncelli. — Pellico's grievous illness. — Is assured by old Schiller that he will live longer. — Composes a tragedy.

ONE evening the sentinels were more than usually kind and forbearing; and poor Oroboni and I conversed without in the least suppressing our voices. Maroncelli, in his subterranean cell, caught the sound, and, climbing up to the window, listened, and distinguished my voice. He could not restrain his joy, but sung out my name with a hearty welcome. He asked me how I was, and expressed his regret that we had not yet been permitted to share the same dungeon. This favor I had already petitioned for; but neither the superintendent nor the governor had the power of granting it. Our united wishes had been represented to the emperor; but no answer had yet been received by the governor of Brünn. Besides the instance in which we saluted each other in song, when in our subterranean abodes, I had since, in my dungeon above, heard the song of the heroic Maroncelli, without understanding the words. He now raised his voice: he was no longer interrupted, and I caught all he

said. I replied, and we continued the dialogue about a quarter of an hour. Finally, they changed the sentinels upon the terrace; and the successors were not so good-natured. Often did we recommence our song, and as often were we interrupted by furious cries and threats, which we were compelled to obey.

Alas! my fancy often pictured to me the form of my friend, languishing in that dismal abode so much worse than my own. I thought of the bitter grief that must oppress him, and the effect upon his health; and I bemoaned his fate in silence. Tears brought me no relief: the pains in my head returned, with acute fever. I could no longer stand, and took to my straw bed. Convulsions came on; the spasms in my breast were terrible. Of a truth, I believed that I should die that night.

The following day, the fever ceased, and my chest was relieved; but the inflamation seemed to have seized my brain, and I could not move my head without the most excruciating pain. I informed Oroboni of my condition; and he, too, was worse than usual. "My dear friend," said he, "the day is near when one or other of us will no longer be able to reach the window. Every time we welcome one another may be the last. Let us each hold ourselves in readiness, then, to die, — yes, to die! or to survive his friend."

His voice trembled with emotion: I could not speak a word in reply. There was a pause; and he then resumed, "How fortunate you are in knowing the German language! You can at least have the advantage of a priest: I cannot obtain one acquainted with the Italian. But God is conscious of my wishes: I made confession at Venice; and, in truth, it does not seem that I have since experienced any thing which burdens my conscience."

"On the contrary, I confessed at Venice," said I, "with my heart full of rancor, which was much worse than if I had wholly refused the sacrament. But, if I could find a priest, I would now confess myself with all my heart, and pardon everybody, I can assure you."

"God bless you, Silvio!" he exclaimed: "you give me the greatest consolation I can receive. Yes, yes, dear friend! let us both do all in our power to merit a joyful meeting where we shall be no more separated, but be united in happiness, as we now are in these last trying hours of our calamity."

The next day I expected him at the window, as usual. But he came not, and I learned from Schiller that he was grievously ill. In eight or ten days, he recovered, and re-appeared at his accustomed station. I complained to him bitterly: but he consoled me. A few months passed in this strange alternation of suffering, during

which sometimes one or the other was unable even to reach the window.

I was able to keep up until the 11th of January, 1823. On that morning, I rose with a slight pain in my head, and a tendency to faintness. My legs trembled, and I could scarcely draw my breath.

Poor Oroboni, also, had been unable to rise from his straw for several days past. They brought me some soup: I took a spoonful, and then fell back in a swoon. Sometime after, the sentinel in the gallery, happening to look through the pane of my door, saw me lying senseless on the ground, with the pot of soup overturned at my side; and, believing me to be dead, he called Schiller, who, as well as the superintendent, hastened to the spot.

The doctor was soon in attendance, and they put me on my bed. I was restored with great difficulty. Perceiving I was in danger, the physician ordered my irons to be taken off. He then gave me some kind of cordial; but it would not stay on my stomach, and the pain in my head increased terribly. A report was forthwith sent to the governor, who despatched

a courier to Vienna, to ascertain in what manner I was to be treated. The answer received was, that I should not be placed in the infirmary, but was to receive the same attendance in my dungeon as was customary in the former place. The superintendent was further authorized to supply me with soup from his own kitchen, so long as my illness should continue severe.

The last provision of the order received was wholly useless, as neither food nor beverage would stay on my stomach. I grew worse during a whole week, and was delirious without intermission, both day and night.

Kral and Kubitzki were appointed to take care of me; and both were exceedingly attentive. Whenever I showed the least return of reason, Kral was accustomed to say, "There! have faith in God: God alone is good."

"Pray for me," I stammered out, when a lucid interval first appeared: "pray for me, not that God will grant me my life, but that He will accept my misfortunes and my death as an expiation for my sins." He suggested that I should ask for the sacraments.

"If I have not asked for them," I replied, "attribute it to my poor head: it would be a great consolation to me to receive them."

Kral reported my words to the superintendent, and the chaplain of the prison came to me. I

made my confession, received the communion, and took the holy oil. The priest's name was Sturm, and I was satisfied with him. The reflections he made upon the justice of God, upon the injustice of man, upon the duty of forgiveness, and upon the vanity of all earthly things, were not out of place. They bore, moreover, the stamp of a dignified and well-cultivated mind, as well as an ardent feeling of true love towards God and our neighbor.

The exertion I made to receive the sacrament exhausted my remaining strength; but it was of use, as I fell into a deep sleep, which continued several hours.

On awaking, I felt somewhat refreshed; and, observing Schiller and Kral near me, I took them by the hand, and thanked them for their care. Schiller fixed his eyes on me.

"I am accustomed," he said, "to see persons at the last; and I would lay a wager that you will not die."

"Are you not giving me a bad prognostic?" said I.

"No," he replied: "the miseries of life are great, it is true; but he who supports them with dignity and with humility must always gain something by living." Then he added, "If you live, I hope you will some day meet with a consolation you had not expected. You

were petitioning to see your friend, Signor Maroncelli."

"So many times, that I no longer hope for it."

"Hope, hope, sir; and repeat your request."

I did so that very day. The superintendent also gave me hopes; and added, that probably I should not only be permitted to see him, but that he would attend on me, and most likely become my constant companion.

As all the state prisoners had fallen ill, the governor had requested permission from Vienna to have them placed two and two, in order that one might assist the other in case of extreme need.

I had also solicited the favor of writing to my family for the last time.

Towards the end of the second week, my illness reached its crisis, and the danger was over. I had begun to sit up, when one morning my door opened, and the superintendent, Schiller, and the doctor, all apparently rejoicing, came into my apartment. The first ran towards me, exclaiming, "We have received permission for Maroncelli to bear you company; and you may write to your parents."

Joy deprived me both of breath and speech; and the superintendent, who, in his kindness, had not been quite prudent, believed that he had killed me. On recovering my senses and recollecting

the good news, I entreated not to have it delayed. The physician consented, and my friend Maroncelli was conducted to my bedside. Oh, what a moment was that!

"Are you alive?" each of us exclaimed.

"Oh, my friend, my brother, — what a happy day have we lived to see! God's name be ever blessed for it." But our joy was mingled with deep compassion. Maroncelli was less surprised by my appearance, than I was by his; for he knew that I had been very ill: but, though aware how he must have suffered, I could not have imagined he would be so greatly changed. He could hardly be recognized: his once noble and handsome features were almost wholly consumed by grief, by continual hunger, and by the bad air of his dark, subterranean dungeon.

But to see, to hear, and to be near each other, was a great comfort. How much we had to communicate, to recollect, and to talk over! What delight in our mutual compassion, what sympathy in all our ideas! What pleasure in finding that we were equally agreed upon subjects of religion! — both of us, indeed, hating ignorance and

inhumanity, but feeling no hatred towards any man; commiserating the ignorant and the barbarous, and praying for their improvement.

I was now presented with a sheet of paper, and ink, that I might write to my parents.

As the permission was given only to a dying man, desirous of bidding a last adieu to his family, I was apprehensive that the letter, being now of a different tenor, would not be sent. I confined myself to the simple duty of beseeching my parents, brothers, and sisters, to resign themselves without a murmur to bear the lot appointed me, even as I myself was resigned to the will of God.

This letter, however, was forwarded, as I subsequently learned. It was, in fact, the only one which, during so long protracted a captivity, was received by my family: the rest were all detained at Vienna. My companions in misfortune were equally deprived of all communication with their friends and families.

We repeatedly solicited that we might be allowed the use of pen and paper for purposes of study, and that we might purchase books with our own money. Neither of these petitions was granted.

Meanwhile, the governor permitted us to read our own books. We were indebted also to his goodness for an improvement in our diet; but it

did not continue. He had consented that we should be supplied from the kitchen of the superintendent, instead of that of the contractor; and some funds had been laid aside for that purpose. The order, however, was not confirmed; but, during the brief interval it was in force, my health had greatly improved. It was the same with Maroncelli; but, for the unhappy Oroboni, it came too late. He had received for his companion the advocate Solera, and afterwards the priest Dr. Fortini.

We were no sooner distributed through the different cells, two in each, than the prohibition to appear or to converse at our windows was renewed, with threats, that, if detected, the offenders would be consigned to utter solitude. We often, it is true, violated this prison-law, and saluted each other from our windows, but no longer engaged in long conversations, as we had done before.

In our disposition, Maroncelli and I were admirably suited to each other. The courage of the one sustained the other: if one became violent, the other soothed him; if one was buried in grief or gloom, the other sought to rouse him; and one friendly smile was often enough to mitigate the severity of our sufferings, and reconcile each other to life.

So long as we had books, we found a delight-

ful relief, not only by reading them, but by committing them to memory. We also examined, compared, criticised, and collated. We read or reflected a great part of the day in silence, and reserved the feast of conversation for the hours of dinner, for our walks, and for the evenings.

While in this subterranean abode, Maroncelli had composed a variety of poems of great merit. He recited them to me, and composed others. I also composed verses, and recited them to him. Many of these I committed to memory. It is astonishing with what facility I was enabled, by this exercise, to repeat very extensive compositions, to give them additional polish, and bring them to the highest possible perfection of which they were susceptible, even had I written them down with the utmost care. Maroncelli thus composed by degrees, retaining them in his memory, many thousand lyric verses, and epics of different kinds. It was thus, too, I composed the tragedy of "Leoniero da Dertona," and various other works.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Oroboni's agonies and death. — Pellico's appreciation of Maroncelli. — Grieves at the fate of Oroboni. — Father Battista.

COUNT Oroboni, after lingering through a wretched winter and the ensuing spring, found himself much worse during the summer. He was seized with a spitting of blood, and a dropsy ensued. Imagine our affliction on learning that he was dying so near us, without a possibility of our rendering him the last sad offices, and separated only by a dungeon-wall.

Schiller brought us tidings of him. The unfortunate young count, he said, was in the greatest agonies, but retained his admirable firmness of mind. He received the spiritual consolations of the chaplain, who was fortunately acquainted with the French language. He died on the 13th of June, 1823. A few hours before he expired, he spoke of his aged father, eighty years old; was much affected, and shed tears. Then, resuming his serenity, he said, "But why do I weep for the most fortunate of all those so dear to me, since he is on the eve of rejoining me in the realms of eternal peace?" The last

words he uttered were, "I forgive all my enemies: I do it from my heart!" His eyes were closed by his friend, Dr. Fortini, a most religious and amiable man, who had been intimate with him from his childhood. Poor Oroboni! how bitterly we felt his death, when the first sad tidings reached us! Ah! we heard the voices and the steps of those who came to remove his body. We watched from our window the hearse which, slow and solemnly, bore him to the cemetery within our view. It was drawn thither by two of the common convicts, and followed by

four of the guards. We kept our eyes fixed upon the sorrowful spectacle, without speaking a word, till it entered the church-yard. It passed through, and stopped at last in a corner, near a new-made grave. The ceremony was brief: almost immediately, the hearse, the convicts, and the guards, returned. One of the last was Kubitzki. He said to me, "I have marked the

exact spot where he is buried, in order that his relations or friends may some day be enabled to remove his poor bones, and lay them in his own country." It was a noble thought, and surprised me in a man so wholly uneducated; but I could not speak. How often had the unhappy count gazed from his window upon that dreary-looking cemetery, as he observed, "I must try to get accustomed to the idea of being carried thither; yet I confess that such a thought makes me shudder. It is strange, but I cannot help thinking that I shall not rest so well in these foreign parts, as in our own beloved land." Then he would laugh, and exclaim, "What childishness is this! When a garment is worn out, and done with, does it signify where we throw it aside?" At other times, he would say, "I am continually preparing for death; but I should resign myself to it more willingly on one condition, — just to enter my father's house once more, embrace his knees, hear his voice blessing me, and die." He sighed, and added, "But if this cup cannot pass from me, my God, may thy will be done." On the morning of his death, he also said, as he pressed a crucifix to his lips which Kral brought him, "Thou, Lord, who, though divine, hadst also a horror of death, and didst say, *If it be possible, let this cup pass from me*, — oh, pardon, if I, too, say it; but I will repeat also with thee,

Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou willest it!"[24]

After the death of Oroboni, I was again taken ill. I expected very soon to rejoin him, and I ardently desired it. Still, I could not have parted from Maroncelli without regret. Often while, seated on his straw bed, he read or recited poetry to withdraw my mind, as well as his own, from reflecting upon our misfortunes, I watched him with pain, and thought, "When I am gone; when you see them bearing me hence; when, gazing at the cemetery, you will say, 'Silvio, too, is there,'—you will look more sorrowful than now." I would then offer a secret prayer that another companion might be given him, as capable of appreciating all his worth.

I shall not mention how many different attacks I suffered, and with what difficulty I recovered from them. The assistance I received from my friend Maroncelli was like that of an attached brother. When it became too great an effort for me to speak, he was silent: he saw the exact moment when his conversation would soothe or enliven me; and then he dwelt on subjects most congenial to my feelings, and continued or varied them, as he judged most agreeable to me. Never did I meet with a nobler spirit: he had few equals; none, whom I knew, superior to him. Strictly just, tolerant, truly religious, and with a

remarkable confidence in human virtue, he combined with these qualities an admirable taste for the beautiful, whether in art or nature, and a fertile imagination teeming with poetry; in short, all those engaging dispositions of mind and heart best calculated to endear him to me.

Still, I could not help grieving over the fate of Oroboni; while, at the same time, I indulged the soothing reflection that he was freed from all his sufferings, and was rewarded with a better world; and that, in the midst of the enjoyments he had won, he must have that of beholding me with a friend no less attached to me than he had been himself. I felt a secret assurance that he was no longer in a place of expiation, though I ceased not to pray for him. I often saw him in my dreams, and he seemed to pray for me. I tried to think that they were not mere dreams, but that they were the manifestations of his blessed spirit, permitted by God for my consolation. I should not be believed, were I to describe the excessive vividness of these dreams, if such they were, and the delicious serenity which they left in my mind, continuing for many days after. These, and the religious sentiments entertained by Maroncelli, with his tried friendship, greatly alleviated my afflictions. The sole idea which tormented me was the possibility that this excellent friend, whose health was ruined, might also be snatched from

me before my own sufferings drew to a close. Every time he was taken ill, I trembled; and, when he felt better, it was a day of rejoicing for me. Strange that there should be a fearful sort of pleasure, anxious yet intense, in these alternations of hope and dread, regarding the existence of the only object left us on earth. Our lot was one of the most painful; yet to esteem, to love each other as we did, was to us a little paradise, — the one green spot in the desert of our lives. It was all that remained to us; and we bowed our heads in thankfulness to the Giver of all good, while awaiting the hour of his summons.

It was now my favorite wish, that the chaplain, who had attended me in my first illness, might be allowed to visit us as our confessor. But, instead of complying with our request, the governor sent us an Augustine friar, called Father Battista, who was to confess us until an order came from Vienna, either to confirm the choice, or to nominate another in his place.

I was afraid we might suffer by the change, but I was mistaken. Father Battista was an excellent man, highly educated, of polished manners, and capable of reasoning profoundly on the duties of man. We entreated him to visit us frequently. He came once a month, and oftener when in his power to do so. He always brought us, with the governor's permission, some books,

and informed us from the abbot that the entire library of the convent was at our service. This was a great event for us; and we availed ourselves of the offer during several months.

After confession, he was accustomed to converse with us; and his remarks gave evidence of an upright and noble mind, capable of estimating the greatness and holiness of man. We had the advantage of his enlightened views, of his affection, and his friendship for us, during the space of a year. At first, I confess that I distrusted him, and imagined that we should soon discover him putting out his feelers to induce us to make imprudent disclosures. In a prisoner of state, this sort of suspicion is but too natural; but how great the satisfaction he experiences when it disappears, and when he discovers in the interpreter of God's will a zeal that is inspired only by the cause of God and of humanity!

He had a most efficacious method of administering consolation. For instance, I accused myself of flying into a rage at the rigors imposed upon me by the prison discipline. He discoursed on the virtue of suffering with resignation, and of pardoning our enemies; and depicted in lively colors the miseries of life in ranks and conditions the opposite to my own. He had seen much of life, both in cities and the country; had known men of all grades; and had deeply reflected upon

human oppression and injustice. He painted the operation of the passions, and the habits of the various social classes. He showed me everywhere the strong and the weak, the oppressors and the oppressed; and the necessity we were under either of hating our fellow-man, or of loving him from a principle of generous compassion.

The examples he gave to show me the prevailing character of misfortune in the mass of human beings, and the good which was to be derived from it, had nothing singular in them: in fact, they were obvious to view. But he recounted them in language so just and forcible, that I could not but admit the deductions he wished to draw from them.

The oftener he repeated his friendly reproaches and his noble exhortations, the more I was incited to the love of virtue. I no longer felt capable of resentment: I could have laid down my life, with the permission of God, for the least of my fellow-creatures; and I blessed his holy name for having created me a man.

Wretched is he who remains ignorant of the sublime influences of confession! Still more wretched he who feels called upon to regard it with scorn, that he may not appear one of the vulgar.

Is it not a truth, that, even when we know what is required of us to be good, self-knowledge

is insufficient to impel us to it, and that reading and reflection will not accomplish it? It is only the living speech of a man gifted with power which can here be of avail. The mind is more strongly moved; the impressions it receives are more profound and lasting. In the words of the brother who speaks to you, there is a living and breathing spirit, which you will vainly seek for either in books or in your own thoughts.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Arrival of other state prisoners. — Borsieri and Confalonieri. — A fruiteress becomes in love with Maroncelli. — Increasing rigor of prison discipline. — Death of old Schiller.

IN the beginning of 1824, the superintendent, who had his office at one end of our gallery, removed elsewhere; and the rooms of the office, along with others, were converted into additional cells. By this, alas! we were given to understand that other prisoners of state were expected from Italy.

In fact, they arrived very shortly; and they were all in the circle of my friends or acquaintances. What was my grief when I was told their names! Borsieri was one of my oldest friends. To Confalonieri I had been attached a shorter time, but not the less ardently. Had it been in my power, by taking upon myself the *carcere durissimo*, or any other imaginable torment, how willingly would I have purchased their liberation! I do not say merely that I would have laid down my life for them, — for what is it to give one's life? — to suffer is much more!

It was then I wished to obtain the consolations

of Father Battista; but they would not permit him to come near me.

New orders to maintain the severest discipline were received from Vienna. The terrace on which we walked was first hedged in by stockades, and in such a way that no one could perceive our movements, even from a distance with the aid of a telescope. And thus we lost the beautiful prospect of the surrounding hills, and part of the city of Brünn which lay below. Yet this was not enough. To reach the terrace, we were obliged, as before stated, to traverse the court-yard, and there numbers of persons could perceive us. That we might be concealed from every human eye, we were prohibited from crossing it, and were confined in our walk to a small passage close to our gallery, with a north aspect similar to that of our dungeons.

To us, such a change was a real misfortune; and it grieved us. There were many little advantages, to our worn and wasted spirits, in the walk of which we were deprived, — the sight of the superintendent's children; their smiles and caresses; the scene where I had taken leave of their mother; the occasional chit-chat with the old smith, who had his forge there; the joyous songs of one of the captains, accompanied by his guitar; and last, not least, an innocent attachment, — not on my part, or on the part of my

companion; but on that of a young girl, the daughter of an Hungarian corporal, — a fruiteress. She was in love with Maroncelli.

Previous to his becoming my companion, they had formed a slight friendship, from seeing each other almost daily; but he was so sincere, so dignified, and so simple in his intentions, as to be quite insensible to the impression he had produced. I informed him of it, and he would not believe I was serious; though he declared that he would treat her with greater coldness. Unluckily, the more he was reserved, the greater did her love for him seem to increase.

It so happened, that the window of her room was scarcely a yard higher than the level of the terrace; and she used to spring to our side, with the apparent intention of putting out some linen to dry, or to perform some other household offices, but in fact to gaze at my friend, and, if possible, enter into conversation with him.

Our poor guards, half-wearied to death for want of sleep, eagerly caught at an opportunity of throwing themselves on the grass to dose, just in this corner, where they were no longer under the eye of their superiors. Maroncelli was then not a little perplexed what to do, such was the resolute affection borne him by the fair Hungarian. I was no less puzzled; for an affair of the kind, which elsewhere might have supplied mat-

ter for some merriment, was here quite serious, and might lead to some very unpleasant result. The unhappy cause of all this had one of those countenances which clearly announce the habit of being virtuous, and the necessity of being esteemed. She was not beautiful, but had such an expression of refinement, that the features of her face, though slightly irregular, seemed to acquire beauty with every smile and every change of the muscles.

Were it my purpose to dwell upon love-affairs, I should still have much to relate respecting this virtuous but unfortunate young woman, — now no more. Enough that I have alluded to one of the few adventures which marked our prison hours.

The increased rigor of our prison discipline rendered our lives daily more monotonous. The whole of 1824, of 1825, of 1826, of 1827, presented the same dull, dark aspect; and how we lived through years like these is wonderful. We were forbidden the use of books. The prison became like a tomb, though without the peace and unconsciousness of death. The director of police, assisted by a lieutenant and guards, came every month, but not on regular days, to institute the most strict and minute search. They made us strip to the skin, examined the seams of our garments, and ripped up the straw bundles which

were called our beds, in pursuit of — nothing. It was a secret affair, intended to take us by surprise, and had something about it which always irritated me exceedingly, and left me in a violent fever.

Unhappy as the preceding years had seemed to me, yet I now remembered them with regret, as a season of precious enjoyments. The hours were fled when I could study the Bible, or my Homer, by reading whom, in the original, I had added to the little knowledge of Greek which I possessed; for I was passionately fond of the language. How much I regretted that I could not continue the study of it! Dante, Petrarch, Shakspeare, Byron, Walter Scott, Schiller, Goethe, &c., — how many friends, the source of innocent and true delights, — were taken from me! Among them, I remembered a number of works on Christian wisdom; such as Bourdaloue, Pascal, "The Imitation of Christ," "The Filotea" by St. Francis de Sales, — books which, if read with narrow, illiberal views, by those who exult in every little defect of taste and at every commonplace thought, may be thrown aside and never resumed; but which, when perused without prejudice, and without taking offence at their weak parts, discover deep philosophy, and afford vigorous nutriment both for the heart and the intellect. A few of certain religious

books were afterwards sent us, as a present, by the emperor, but with an absolute prohibition to receive works of any other kind, adapted for literary studies.

This imperial gift of devotional books arrived in 1825, by a Dalmatian confessor, Father Stefano Paulowich, afterwards Bishop of Cattaro, who was purposely sent from Vienna. We were indebted to him for performing mass, which had before been refused us, on the plea that they could not convey us into the church and keep us separate in pairs as the imperial law prescribed. To avoid such infraction, we now went to mass in three groups, — one being placed in the organ gallery; another under the gallery, so as not to be visible; and the third in a small oratory, from which was a view into the church through a grating. On this occasion, Maroncelli and I had for companions six convicts, who had received sentence before we came; but no two were allowed to speak to any other two in the group. Two of them, I found, had been my neighbors in the *Piombi* prison at Venice.

We were conducted by the guards to the post assigned us, and after mass brought back in the same manner, each couple into their former dungeon. A capuchin friar came to celebrate mass: this good man ended every rite with "let us pray," for "liberation from chains," and "to set

the prisoner free," in a voice which trembled with emotion.

On leaving the altar, he cast a pitying look on each of the three groups, and bowed his head sorrowfully in secret prayer.

In 1825, Schiller, on account of his infirmity and old age, was pronounced past service; though he was put in guard over some other prisoners, who were thought to require less vigilance. It was a trying thing to part from him, and he felt this as well as we did. Kral, a man not inferior to him in good disposition, was his successor. But he, too, was removed; and we had a jailer of a very harsh and distant manner, and wholly devoid of feeling, though not at heart bad.

These changes afflicted me deeply. Schiller, Kral, and Kubitzki, but in particular the two former, had attended us in our extreme sufferings, each with the affection of a father or a brother. Though incapable of violating their trust, they knew how to do their duty without hardness of heart. If there was something harsh in their manner, it was involuntary; and the kindness they manifested fully compensated for it. I was sometimes angry with them, but they cordially forgave me. They wished us to feel that they had become attached to us; and they were rejoiced to perceive that we were persuaded of it, and approved of any thing they did.

From the time Schiller left us, he was frequently ill; and we inquired after him with a sort of filial anxiety. When he sufficiently recovered, he was in the habit of coming to walk under our windows. We hailed him, and he would look up with a melancholy smile, at the same time addressing the sentinel in a voice we could overhear: *Da sind meine Söhne* ("There are my sons)."

Poor old man! how sorry I was to see him almost staggering along under the weight of increasing infirmities, so near us, and without being able to offer him even my arm.

Sometimes he would sit down on the grass, and read. They were the same books he had often lent me. To please me, he would repeat the titles to the sentinel, or recite some extract from them, and then look up at me, and nod. After several attacks of apoplexy, he was conveyed to the military hospital, where in a brief period he died. He had some hundreds of florins, the fruit of long savings. These, indeed, he had already lent to such of his old military comrades as most required them; and, when he found his end approaching, he called them all to his bedside, and

said, "I have no relations left: I wish you to keep, for my sake, what I lent you. I only ask that you will pray for me."

One of these friends had a daughter about eighteen years old, who was Schiller's god-daughter. A few hours before his death, the good old man sent for her. He could not speak distinctly; but he took a silver ring from his finger, the last of his wealth, and placed it upon hers. He then kissed her, and shed tears over her. The poor girl sobbed as if her heart would break, for she was tenderly attached to him. He took a handkerchief; and, as if trying to soothe her, he dried her eyes. Lastly, he took hold of her hands, and placed them upon his eyes: those eyes were closed for ever.[25]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Pellico learns that his sister has taken the veil. — Maroncelli composes an elegy on "The Sister of the Prisoner." — Meagre tidings of Pellico's family. — Inspections of his dungeon.

ALL human consolations were fast deserting us one by one; and our sufferings still increased. I resigned myself to the will of God; but my spirit groaned. It seemed as if my mind, instead of becoming inured to trouble, grew more keenly susceptible of pain. One day a page of the "Augsburg Gazette" was secretly brought to me; and I found in it a very strange statement concerning myself, in connection with an account of one of my sisters retiring into a nunnery. It said as follows: "The Signora Maria Angiola Pellico took the veil [on such a day] in the monastery of La Visitazione at Turin. This lady is sister to the author of 'Francesca da Rimini,' Silvio Pellico, who was recently liberated from the fortress of Spielberg, being pardoned by his majesty, the emperor, — a trait of clemency which is worthy of so magnanimous a sovereign, and which rejoices all Italy, inasmuch as," &c.

Here followed some eulogiums, which I omit.

I could not conceive for what reason the hoax relating to the gracious pardon had been invented. It seemed hardly probable to be the mere freak of a journalist: was it, then, intended as some artifice of German policy? Who knows? However this may be, the name Maria Angiola was precisely that of my younger sister, and doubtless must have been copied from the "Turin Gazette" into other papers. Had that excellent girl, then, really become a nun? Had she taken this step in consequence of the loss of her parents? Poor Maria! she would not permit me to suffer alone the deprivations of a prison: she, too, would seclude herself from the world. May God grant her patience and self-denial, far beyond what I have evinced! How often in her solitary cell, will that angel turn her thoughts and prayers towards me! Alas! she will perhaps impose on herself some rigid penance, in the hope that God may alleviate the sufferings of her brother. These reflections greatly agitated me, and my heart bled. Most likely, my misfortunes had helped to shorten the days both of my father and my mother; for, were they living, it seemed hardly possible that my Marietta would have deserted our parental roof. At length, the idea oppressed me with the weight of absolute certainty; and I fell into a wretched and agonized state of mind. Maroncelli was not less affected

than myself. The next day he composed a beautiful elegy on "The Sister of the Prisoner." When it was completed, he read it to me. How grateful was I for such a proof of his affection! Among the infinite number of poems which had been written upon similar subjects, not one, probably, had been composed in prison, for the brother of the nun, and by his companion in captivity and chains. What a field for pathetic and religious ideas was here! and Maroncelli filled his lyre with tones which drew delicious tears from my eyes.

It was thus that friendship sweetened all my woes. Seldom from that day did I forget to turn my thoughts to some sacred asylum of virgin hearts, and dwell long and fondly on one beloved form which rose before my fancy, dressed in all that human piety and love can picture in a brother's heart. Often did I beseech Heaven to throw a charm round her religious solitude, and not suffer her imagination to paint in too horrible colors the miseries of the sick and weary captive.

The reader must not suppose from the circumstance of my seeing the "Gazette," that I was in the habit of hearing news, or could obtain any. No: though all the agents employed around me were kind, the system was such as to inspire the utmost terror. If any thing was done clandes-

tinely, it was only when the danger was not felt, — when not the least risk appeared. The extreme rareness of any such occurrences may be gathered from what has been stated respecting the ordinary and extraordinary searches which took place, morning, noon, and night, through every corner of our dungeons.

I never had opportunity of receiving any information, however slight, regarding my family, even by secret means, beyond the allusion in the "Gazette" to my sister. The fears I entertained that my dear parents no longer survived were greatly augmented soon after, by the manner in which the director of police informed me that my relatives were well.

"His majesty the emperor," he said, "commands me to communicate to you good tidings of your relations at Turin."

I could not express my pleasure and my surprise at this unexpected information, now given me for the first time. I asked him a variety of questions as to their health. "I left," said I, "my parents, brothers, and sisters, at Turin: are they alive? If you have any letter from them, pray, let me have it."

"I can show you nothing. You must be satisfied with what I have told you. It is a mark of the emperor's clemency to let you know even so much. The same favor is not shown to every one."

"I grant it is a proof of the emperor's kindness; but you will allow it to be impossible for me to derive the least consolation from information like this. Which of my relations are well? Have I lost no one?"

"I am sorry, sir, that I cannot tell you more than I have been directed to do." And he retired.

It must assuredly have been intended to console me by this indefinite allusion to my family. But I felt persuaded, that the emperor, though he had yielded to the earnest petition of some of my relatives to permit me to hear tidings of them, had also forbidden to have any letter shown me, as I might learn from it which of my dear family were now no more. I was the more confirmed in this supposition from the fact of receiving a similar communication a few months subsequently, but unaccompanied by any letter.

It was soon perceived, that, so far from having satisfied me, such meagre tidings had thrown me into still deeper affliction; and I heard no more of my beloved family. The continual suspense; the distracting idea that my parents were dead; that my brothers also might be no more; that my sister Giuseppina was gone; and that Marietta, the sole survivor, had, in the agony of her sorrow, thrown herself into a convent, there to close her unhappy days, — still haunted my imagination, and completely alienated me from life.

Not unfrequently, I had fresh attacks of the terrible disorders under which I had before suffered, with those of a still more painful kind; such as violent spasms of the stomach, exactly like *cholera morbus*, from the effects of which I hourly expected to die. Yes; and I fervently hoped and prayed that all might soon be over.

At the same time, whenever I cast a pitying glance at my no less weak and unfortunate companion, my heart bled at the idea of leaving him alone, a solitary prisoner, in such an abode; and again I wished to live. Such are the strange contradictions of human nature.

Thrice, during my incarceration at Spielberg, persons of high rank came to inspect the dungeons, and ascertain that there was no abuse of discipline. The first visitor was the Baron Von Münch, who, filled with compassion on seeing us so deprived of light and air, declared that he would petition to have a lantern placed outside of the small opening in our dungeon-doors, through which the sentinels could at any moment perceive us. His visit took place in 1825, and a year afterwards his humane suggestion was carried out. By this sepulchral light, we could just catch a view of the walls, and avoid knocking our heads against it in trying to walk. The second visit was that of the Baron Von Vogel. He found me in a lamentable state of health; and

learning that, though the physician had declared coffee would be very good for me, I could not obtain it because it was a luxury, he interested himself for me, and my old delightful beverage was ordered to be brought me. The third visit was from a lord of the court, with whose name I am not acquainted, between fifty and sixty years of age, and who, by his manners as well as his words, testified the sincerest compassion for us; at the same time lamenting that he could do nothing for us. Still, the expression of his sympathy — for he was really affected — was something; and we were grateful for it.

How strange, how irresistible, is the desire of the solitary prisoner to behold some one of his own species! It amounts to a kind of instinct, as if to avoid insanity, and the tendency to self-destruction. The Christian religion, so abounding in views of humanity, has not forgotten to enumerate, among its works of mercy, *the visiting of prisoners*. The mere aspect of man, his look of commiseration, and his willingness, as it were, to bear a part of your heavy burden, even when you know he cannot relieve you, has something in it that sweetens your bitter cup.

Perfect solitude is doubtless of advantage to some minds; but, in general, I believe it would be far more beneficial if not carried to an extreme, but relieved by some little intercourse with

society. Such at least is what my nature requires. If I do not behold my fellow-men, my affections are concentrated on too small a number; and I begin to dislike all others. If I can commune with an ordinary number, I learn to regard the whole of mankind with affection.

Innumerable times, I am sorry to confess, I have been so exclusively occupied with a few, and so averse to the many, as to be almost terrified at the feelings I experienced. I would then approach the window, sighing to see some new face, and thought myself happy when the sentinel passed not too closely to the wall, so that I got a single glance of him, or if he lifted up his head upon hearing me cough, — more especially if he had a good-natured countenance. When he showed the least feeling of pity, I felt a singular emotion of pleasure, as if that unknown soldier had been one of my intimate friends. When he walked away, I waited for his return with eager solicitude; and if, on returning, he looked at me, I rejoiced as if he had done me a great kindness.

If, the next time, he passed by in a manner that prevented my seeing him, or took no notice of me, I felt as much mortified as some poor lover, when he finds that the beloved object wholly neglects him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Don Marco Fortini and Antonio Villa. — Liberation of Solera and Fortini. — Amputation of Maroncelli's leg.

IN the adjoining cell, once occupied by Oroboni, Don Marco Fortini and Antonio Villa were now confined. The latter, once as strong as Hercules, was nearly famished with hunger the first year; and, when a better allowance of food was granted, he had wholly lost the power of digestion. He lingered a long time; and, when reduced almost to the last extremity, he was removed into a more airy cell. The pestilential atmosphere of these narrow receptacles, so much resembling real tombs, was doubtless very injurious to him, as it was to all of us. But the remedy sought for came too late, or was insufficient to remove the cause of his sufferings. He had scarcely been a month in that larger room, when, in consequence of bursting several blood-vessels and his previously broken health, he died.

He was attended by his fellow-prisoner, Don Fortini, and by the Abbé Paulowich, who hastened from Vienna when it was known that he was

dying. Although I had not been on the same intimate terms with him as with Count Oroboni, his death affected me greatly. He had parents and a wife, all most tenderly attached to him. He, indeed, was more to be envied than regretted; but alas for the unhappy survivors to whom he was every thing! He had, moreover, been my neighbor when in the *Piombi*. Tremerello had brought me several of his poetical pieces, and had conveyed to him some lines from me in return. There was sometimes in his poems a depth of sentiment and pathos which interested me. I seemed to become still more attached to him after he was gone; learning, as I did from the guards, how dreadfully he had suffered. It was with difficulty, that, though truly religious, he could resign himself to die. He experienced to the utmost the horror of that final scene, though always blessing the Lord, and calling upon his name with the tears streaming from his eyes. "Alas!" he said, "I cannot conform my will unto thine; yet how willingly would I do so! Do thou work this happy change in me." He did not possess the same courage as Oroboni; but he followed his example in forgiving all his enemies.

About the close of that year (1826), we heard one evening a suppressed noise in the gallery, as if persons were stealing along. Our hearing had become amazingly acute in distinguishing differ-

ent kinds of noises. A door was opened; and we knew it to be that of the advocate Solera. Another door! it was that of Fortini! There followed a whispering; but we could distinguish the voice of the director of police, suppressed as it was. What could it be? A search at so late an hour! and for what reason?

In a brief space, we heard steps again in the gallery; and ah! we recognized the voice of our excellent Fortini: "How unfortunate! excuse me, I have forgotten a volume of my breviary." And then we heard him run back to get the book, and rejoin the police. The door of the staircase opened, and we heard them go down. In the midst of our alarm, we learned that our two good friends had just received a pardon; and, though sorry not to follow them, we rejoiced in their unexpected good fortune.

The liberation of our two companions brought no alteration in the discipline observed towards us. "Why," we asked ourselves, "were they set at liberty, condemned as they had been, like us, the one to twenty, the other to fifteen years' imprisonment, while no favor was shown to the rest?"

Were the suspicions against those who were still consigned to captivity stronger; or was there a disposition to pardon the whole, but at brief intervals, two at a time? We remained in suspense

for a long period. Upwards of three months elapsed, and we heard of no fresh instance of pardon. Towards the close of 1827, we thought that December might be fixed on as the anniversary of some new liberations; but the month expired, and nothing of the kind occurred.

We indulged these expectations until the summer of 1828, when I had gone through seven years and a half of my punishment, — equivalent, according to the emperor's declaration, to the fifteen years, if the period were to be dated from the time of my arrest. If, on the other hand, it were to be calculated, not from the time of my trial, as was most probable, but from that of the publication of my sentence, the seven years and a half would only be completed in 1829.

But all these periods passed, and there was no indication of a remittance of punishment. Meantime, even before the liberation of Solera and Fortini, Maroncelli was ill with a bad tumor upon his knee. At first the pain was not great, and he only limped as he walked. Then he suffered from dragging his chains, and rarely went out to walk. One autumnal morning, he was desirous of breathing the fresh air: there was a fall of snow; and in an unfortunate moment, when I was not supporting him, his leg failed him, and he fell to the ground. This accident was immediately followed by acute pain in his knee. We

carried him to his bed, for he was no longer able to stand. When the physician came, he ordered his irons to be taken off. The swelling increased to an enormous size, and became more painful every day. Such, at length, were the sufferings of my unhappy friend, that he could obtain no rest either in bed or out of it. When compelled to move about, to rise, or to lie down, it was necessary to take hold of the diseased leg, and move it with the utmost care: the most trifling motion produced the most severe pangs. Leeches, baths, caustics, and fomentations of different kinds, were all found ineffectual, and seemed only to aggravate his torments. After the use of caustics, suppuration took place, and the whole tumor became one sore; but even this failed to bring relief to the suffering patient.

Maroncelli was thus far more unfortunate than myself. Although my sympathy for him caused me real pain and suffering, I was glad to be near him, to attend to his wants, and to perform all the duties of a brother and a friend. It soon became evident that his leg would never heal: he himself considered death as near at hand, though he lost nothing of his admirable calmness or courage. At length the sight of his sufferings was almost more than I could bear.

In this deplorable condition, he continued to compose verses, to sing, and to converse; and

this he did to encourage me, by disguising a part of what he suffered. He lost his powers of digestion, — he could not sleep, his flesh wasted away frightfully, and he very frequently fainted. Yet, the moment he was restored, he rallied his spirits, and, smiling, bade me not to be afraid. What he suffered during many months is indescribable. At last, permission for a consultation was given; the head-physician was called in, approved of all his colleague had done, and, without expressing a decisive opinion, took his leave. A few minutes after, the superintendent entered, and said to Maroncelli, —

"The head-physician did not venture to express his real opinion in your presence: he feared you would not have fortitude to bear so terrible an announcement. I have assured him, however, that you are possessed of courage."

"I hope," replied Maroncelli, "that I have given some proof of it in bearing without complaint this dreadful torture. Is there any thing he would propose?"

"Yes, sir, the amputation of the limb; but, perceiving how much your constitution is broken down, he hesitates to advise it. Weak as you are, could you endure the operation? Will you expose yourself to the danger . . . ?"

"Of dying? and shall I not equally die in a

little while, if an end is not put to this diabolical torture?"

"Then we will immediately send a statement of your case to Vienna, soliciting permission; and, the moment it comes, you shall have your leg cut off."

"What! does it require a *permit* for this?"

"Assuredly, sir," was the reply.

In about a week, a courier arrived from Vienna with the expected permission.

My sick friend was carried from his dungeon into a larger room: he begged me to follow him. "I may die under the operation," he said; "and I should wish, in that case, to expire in your arms." I was permitted to accompany him. The sacraments were first administered to the unhappy prisoner, and we then quietly awaited the arrival of the surgeons. Maroncelli filled up the interval by singing some extemporary verses. At length they came: one was an able surgeon from Vienna, to superintend the operation; the other was the ordinary prison surgeon, that is to say, our barber, who, whenever an operation was to be performed, had the right of doing it; and, on this occasion, he would not yield to the man of science sent by the governor, who was desirous of performing it.

The patient was placed on the side of a couch, with his leg down, while I supported him in

my arms. It was to be cut off above the knee. An incision was first made, the depth of an inch; then the skin was drawn up, and the bared muscles cut through. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, which were next taken up with ligatures one by one. Lastly, the bone was sawed. This lasted some time, but Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carrying his leg away, he cast on it one melancholy look; then, turning towards the surgeon, he said, "You have freed me from an enemy, and I have no money to give you." He saw a rose in a glass upon the window. "May I beg of you to bring me that flower?" he said to me. I brought it to him: he offered it to the surgeon with an indescribable air of good-nature, saying, "I have nothing else to give you in token of my gratitude." He took it as it was meant, and wept.

CHAPTER XXX.

Maroncelli's sufferings. — Constantino Munari. — The Abbés Wrba, Paulowich, and Ziak.

THE surgeons had supposed that the hospital of Spielberg would provide every thing requisite, except the instruments, which they brought with them. But, after the amputation, it was found that a number of things were wanting; such as linen, ice, bandages. My poor friend was thus compelled to wait two hours till these articles were brought from the city. At last, he was laid upon his bed, and the ice applied to the trunk of the bleeding thigh. The next day, it was dressed; but the patient was allowed to take no nourishment beyond a little broth, with an egg. When the danger of fever was over, he was permitted the use of restoratives; and an order from the emperor directed that he should be supplied from the table of the superintendent till he was better.

The cure was completed in about forty days, after which we were conducted back into our dungeon. This had been enlarged for us; that is, an opening was made in the wall so as to unite our old den to that once occupied by Oro-

boni, and subsequently by Villa. I placed my bed exactly in the same spot where Oroboni had died, and derived a mournful pleasure from this near approach to my friend, as it seemed to me. It appeared as if his spirit hovered around, and consoled me with manifestations of more than earthly love.

The horrible sight of Maroncelli's sufferings, both before and subsequently to the amputation of his leg, had done much to strengthen my mind. During the whole period, my health had enabled me to attend upon him, and I was grateful to God for this; but from the moment my friend assumed his crutches, and could supply his own wants, I began daily to decline. I suffered extremely from glandular swellings; and those were followed by pains of the chest, more oppressive than I had before experienced, attended with dizziness and spasmodic dysentery. "It is my turn now," thought I: "shall I be less patient than my companion?"

Every condition of life has its duties; and those of the sick consist of patience, courage, and continual efforts not to appear unamiable to the persons who surround them. Maroncelli, on his crutches, no longer possessed the same activity, and was fearful of not doing every thing for me of which I stood in need. It was, in fact, the case; but I endeavored to prevent his being

made sensible of it. Even when he had recovered his strength, he labored under many inconveniences. He complained, like most others after a similar operation, of acute pains in the nerves, and imagined that the part removed was still with him. Sometimes it was the toe, sometimes the leg, and at other times the knee of the amputated limb, which caused him to cry out. The bone, moreover, had been badly sawed, and pushed through the newly formed flesh, producing frequent sores. It required more than a year to bring the stump to a sound state, when it hardened, and broke out no more.

New evils, however, assailed my unhappy friend. He suffered from pains in the joints of his hands, — pains which extended through all his limbs, and then turned into scorbutic sores. His whole person became covered with livid spots, presenting a frightful spectacle. I tried to reconcile myself to it, by considering, that, since it appeared we were to die here, it was better that one of us should be seized with the scurvy: it is a contagious disease, and must carry us off either together or at a short interval from each other. We both prepared ourselves for death, and were perfectly tranquil. Nine years' imprisonment, and the grievous sufferings we had undergone, had at length familiarized us to the idea of the dissolution of two bodies so

totally worn out, and in need of rest. It was time the scene should close; and we confided in the goodness of God, looking forward to the time when we should be re-united in a place where the passions of men cease, and where we prayed that we might meet in peace, even with those who had not loved us.

This malignant distemper had destroyed numbers of prisoners during preceding years. The governor, on learning that Maroncelli had been attacked by it, agreed with the physician, that the sole hope of remedy was in the fresh air. They were afraid of its spreading; and Maroncelli was ordered to be kept as little as possible within his dungeon. Being his companion, and also suffering from disease, I was permitted the same privilege. We were allowed to be in the open air during the whole time the other prisoners were absent from the walk; that is to say, for two hours early in the morning; during dinner-time if we preferred it, and for three hours in the evening. On holidays, we were out from morning till night, except at dinner-time.

There was one other unhappy patient, about seventy years of age, and in extremely bad health, who was permitted to bear us company. His name was Constantino Munari; he was of an amiable disposition, greatly attached to literature and philosophy, and agreeable in conversation.

Calculating my imprisonment, not from my arrest, but from the period of receiving my sentence, I had been seven years and a half in different dungeons on the 1st of July, 1829, and about nine years from the day of my arrest. But both these periods passed by, and there was no sign of remitting my punishment.

Until now, my friend Maroncelli, Munari, and I had indulged in the hope of seeing once more our native land and our relations; and we frequently conversed with the warmest feelings upon the subject. August, September, and the whole of that year, elapsed, and then we began to despair; we accustomed ourselves to hope for nothing but the continuance of our mutual friendship, and the assistance of God, to enable us to close our prison hours with becoming dignity and resignation. It was then we experienced the blessings of friendship and religion, which threw a charm over the darkness of our lot. Human hopes and promises had failed us; but God never forsakes the unhappy who love and fear him.

After the death of Villa, the Abbé Wrba was appointed our confessor, the Abbé Paulowich having been made a bishop. He was a Moravian, professor of the New Testament at Brünn, and an able pupil of the Sublime Institute of Vienna. This Institute was founded by the celebrated Frint, when chaplain to the court. The members

are all priests, who, though already masters of theology, prosecute their studies here under the severest discipline. The designs of the founder were admirable, being directed to the constant dissemination of true and profound science among the Catholic clergy of Germany. His plans were for the most part successful, and are yet in extensive operation.

Being resident at Brünn, Wrba could devote more of his time to our society than Paulowich. He was a second Father Battista, with the exception that he was not permitted to lend us any books. We held long discussions, from which I reaped great advantage and real consolation. He was taken ill in 1829; and, being subsequently called to other duties, he was unable to visit us more. We regretted this; but we obtained as his successor the Abbé Ziak, another learned and worthy divine. Indeed, of all the German priests who visited us, not one showed the least disposition to pry into our political sentiments; not one who was unworthy of the holy task he had undertaken, or who did not possess great learning, a decided Catholic faith, and enlarged wisdom. How truly honorable are such ministers of the Church!

The Abbé Ziak, also, both by precept and example, taught me to support my sufferings with calmness and resignation. He was afflicted with

a disease of the teeth, throat, and ears, which tormented him continually; but he was always calm and cheerful.

Maroncelli derived great benefit from exercise and the open air; by degrees, the eruptions disappeared; and both Munari and myself experienced equal advantage.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Ten years' deprivation of liberty. — Celebration of Mass. — Pardon of Pellico, Maroncelli, and Tonelli. — Pellico, with his friends, leaves Brünn, and reaches Vienna, more dead than alive.

IT was the 1st of August, 1830. Ten years had elapsed since I was deprived of my liberty; for eight years and a half, I had been subjected to severe imprisonment. It was Sunday; and we went, as on other holidays, to our accustomed station, whence we had a view of the valley, and the cemetery below, where Oroboni and Villa now reposed. We conversed on the subject, and the probability of our soon sharing their untroubled sleep. We had seated ourselves upon our accustomed bench, and were watching the unhappy female prisoners as they came forth and passed by to hear mass, which was performed before our own. They were conducted into the same little chapel to which we resorted at the second mass.

It is customary with the Germans to sing hymns aloud in their own language during the celebration of Mass. As the Austrian empire is composed partly of Germans and partly of Scla-

vonians, and the greater part of the prisoners at Spielberg consist of one or the other of these people, the hymns are alternately sung in the German and the Sclavonian language. So, on every festival day, two sermons are preached, and the same division observed. It was truly delightful to us to hear the singing of the hymns, and the accompanying music of the organ. The voices of some of these women touched us to the heart. Unhappy ones! some of them were very young; whom love or jealousy, or bad example, had betrayed into crime. I still seem to hear their fervidly devotional hymn of the Sanctus, *Heilig, heilig, heilig!* ("Holy, holy, holy!") It affected me even to tears. At ten o'clock, the women withdrew; and we entered to hear mass. There I again saw those of my companions in misfortune who heard mass in the organ gallery, and from whom we were separated only by a single grate. Their pale features and emaciated bodies, scarcely capable of dragging their irons, bore witness to their woes.

After Mass, we were conveyed back to our cells. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, we partook of dinner. We were preparing our table, which consisted in putting a thin board on a wooden target, and had taken up our wooden spoons, when Signor Wagrath, the subintendent, entered. "I am sorry to disturb you at dinner,"

said he; "but have the goodness to follow me: the director of police is waiting for us." As he was accustomed to come near us only for purposes of examination and search, we accompanied the subintendent to the audience-room in no very good humor. There we found the director of police and the superintendent, the first of whom bowed to us with rather more politeness than usual. He took a letter, and stated, in a hesitating, slow tone of voice, as if afraid of surprising us too greatly, "Gentlemen, — I have — the pleasure, — the honor, I mean, — of — of acquainting you, that his majesty the emperor has granted you a further favor." Still he hesitated to inform us what this favor was; and we conjectured it must be some slight alleviation

of punishment, such as exemption from irksome labor, or a permission to have more books, or perhaps less disagreeable diet. "Don't you understand?" he inquired. "No, sir," was our

reply: "have the goodness, if permitted, to explain yourself more fully."

"Then hear it! It is liberty for both of you, and for a third, who will shortly bear you company."

It may seem as if such an announcement would have thrown us into ecstasies of joy. But our thoughts instantly turned to our relatives, of whom, for so long a period, we had received no intelligence; and the fear that they were no longer in existence distressed us so much that we could not hail the joys of liberty as we should have done.

"Are you struck dumb?" asked the director: "I hoped to see you exulting at the news."

"May I beg you," replied I, "to make known to the emperor our feelings of gratitude. But, if we are not favored with news from our families, it is impossible for us not to fear that we may have lost some whom we love. It is this consciousness which destroys the zest of all our joy."

He then gave to Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which greatly consoled him. But he told me there was no account of my family; and this made me fear still more that some calamity had befallen them.

"Now retire to your apartments, and I will send you a third companion, who has also received pardon."

We went, and anxiously awaited his arrival; wishing that all our companions could join us, instead of a single one. "Was it poor old Munari? was it such or such a one?" Thus we went on guessing the names of all we knew; when at last the door opened, and Signor Andrea Tonelli, of Brescia, made his appearance. We embraced him; and we could eat no dinner that day. We conversed till towards evening, chiefly regretting the lot of the unhappy friends whom we were to leave behind us.

After sunset, the director of police returned to escort us from our wretched prison-house. Our hearts, however, bled within us, as we were passing by the cells of so many of our countrymen whom we loved, and yet, alas! whom we could not take with us to share our liberty. Heaven knows how long they would be left to linger here, to become the prey, perhaps, of a lingering death.

We were each of us enveloped in a military great coat, with a cap; and then, dressed as we were in our convict's costume, but freed from our chains, we descended the ill-fated mount, and were conducted into the city to the prison of the police.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the people whom we met, — every object appeared so strange, and yet so de-

lightful, after the many years during which I had been debarred from beholding any similar spectacle!

We remained at the prison of the police, waiting the arrival of the imperial commissioner from Vienna, who was to accompany us to the confines of Italy. In the mean time, we were engaged in providing ourselves with linen and clothes, our own having been sold; and we put off the prison livery.

Five days afterwards, the commissary was announced, and the director consigned us over to him; delivering him, at the same time, the money which we had brought with us to Spielberg, and the amount derived from the sale of our trunks and books; which money was restored to us when we reached our destination.

The expense of our journey was defrayed by the emperor, and in a liberal manner. The commissary was Herr Von Noe, a gentleman employed in the office of the minister of police. The charge could not have been intrusted to a person more competent by education or habit; and he treated us with the greatest respect.

I left Brünn, laboring under a painful difficulty of breathing; and the motion of the carriage increased it to such a degree, that, during the evening, it was expected I should hardly survive. I was in a high fever the whole of the night; and

the commissary was doubtful whether I should be able to continue the journey as far as Vienna. I begged to go on, and we did so; but my sufferings were excessive. I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep.

I reached Vienna more dead than alive. We were well accommodated at the general directory of police. I was placed in bed, a physician called in, and, after being bled, I found myself sensibly relieved. By means of strict diet, and the use of digitalis, I recovered in about eight days. My physician's name was Singer; and he devoted the most friendly attentions to me.

I had become extremely anxious to continue our journey; the more so, because an account of the *three days* at Paris had reached us. The emperor had fixed the day of our liberation exactly on that when the revolution burst forth; and surely he would not now revoke it. Yet it was not improbable; a critical period appeared to be at hand; popular commotions were apprehended in Italy; and, though we had no fears that we should be remanded to Spielberg, should we be permitted to return to our native country?

I affected to be stronger than I really was, and entreated that we might be allowed to resume our journey. It was my wish, meantime, to be presented to his Excellency the Count Pralormo, envoy from Turin to the Austrian court, to whom

I was aware how much I had been indebted. He had left no means untried to procure my liberation; but the rule, that we were to hold no communication with any one, admitted of no exception. When sufficiently convalescent, a carriage was politely ordered for me, in which I might take an airing about Vienna, but accompanied by the commissary, who was to allow no one to speak to us. We went to see the beautiful Church of St. Stephen, the delightful walks in the environs, the neighboring villa of Lichtenstein, and, lastly, the imperial residence of Schönbrunn.

While proceeding through the magnificent walks in the gardens, the emperor approached; and the commissary made us hastily retire, lest the sight of our emaciated persons should give him pain.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Separates from Maroncelli at Mantua, and from Tonelli at Brescia. — An interesting incident. — Pellico's sensations on recognizing his first prison.

WE at length took our departure from Vienna, and I was able to reach Bruck. Here my asthma returned with redoubled violence. A physician was called, — Herr Jüdmann, a man of pleasing manners. He bled me, and ordered me to keep my bed, and to continue the digitalis. At the end of two days, I renewed my solicitations to continue our journey.

We traversed Austria and Styria, and entered Carinthia without any accident; but on our arrival at the village of Feldkirchen, a little way from Klagenfurt, we were overtaken by a counter order from Vienna. We were to stop till we received farther directions. I leave it to be imagined what our feelings must have been on this occasion. I had, moreover, the pain of reflecting, that it would be owing to my illness, if my two friends should now be prevented from reaching their native land. We remained five days at

Feldkirchen, where the commissary did all in his power to keep up our spirits. He took us to the theatre to see a comedy, and one day entertained us with a hunt. Our host and several young men of the country, along with the proprietor of a fine forest, were the hunters; and we were in a situation favorable for commanding a view of the sports.

At length, there arrived a courier from Vienna, with an order for the commissary to resume his journey with us to the place first appointed. We congratulated each other; but my anxiety was still great, as I approached the hour when my hopes or fears respecting my family would be verified. How many of my relatives and friends might have disappeared during my ten years' absence!

The entrance into Italy on that side is not pleasing to the eye. You descend from the noble mountains of Germany into the Italian plains, through a long and sterile district, insomuch that travellers who have formed a magnificent idea of our country begin to laugh, and imagine they have been purposely deluded with praises of *la Bella Italia*.

The dismal view of that sterile district served to make me more sorrowful. To see my native sky, to meet human features no more belonging to the north, to hear my native tongue from every

mouth, affected me. But I felt more inclined to tears than to exultation. I threw myself back in the carriage, pretending to sleep; but covered my face, and wept. At night, I scarcely closed my eyes; my fever was high; my whole soul seemed absorbed in offering up vows for my beloved Italy, and prayers to Heaven for having restored me to it. Then I thought of my speedy separation from a companion with whom I had so long suffered, and who had given me so many proofs of his fraternal affection; and I tortured my imagination with the idea of a thousand disasters which might have befallen my family. Not even the many years of my captivity had deadened the susceptibility of my feelings; but how much more susceptible were they of sorrow than of joy!

I felt, too, on my return, a strange desire to visit Udine, and the lodging-house where our two generous friends had assumed the character of waiters, and secretly stretched out to us the hand of friendship. But we passed that city to our left, and continued on our way.

Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, and Mantua were all places which interested my feelings. Pordenone was the native city of one of my friends, an excellent young man, who perished in the campaigns of Russia; Conegliano was the district whither, I was told by

the under-jailers, poor Angiola had been taken; and in Ospedaletto there had married and resided a young lady, who had more of the angel than the woman, and who, though now no more, I had every reason to remember with the highest respect. In short, the whole of these places revived recollections more or less dear; and Mantua more than any other city. It appeared as only yesterday that I was there with Lodovico in 1815, and with Count Porro in 1820. The same streets, the same squares, the same palaces; but what a change in all social relations! How many of my connections snatched away for ever! how many exiled! A generation had sprung up of young people whom I had seen in infancy. Yet how painful not to be allowed to call at a single house, or to accost a single person we met!

To complete my misery, Mantua was the place of separation between Maroncelli and myself. We passed the night there, both filled with forebodings and regret. I felt agitated like a man on the eve of receiving his sentence.

In the morning, I rose, and washed my face, in order to conceal from my friend how much I had given way to grief during the preceding night. I looked at myself in the glass, and tried to assume a quiet and cheerful air. I bent down in prayer, though ill able to command my thoughts; and hearing Maroncelli moving upon his crutches,

and speaking to the servant, I hastened to embrace him. We had both prepared ourselves, with previous exertions, for this closing interview; and we spoke to each other affectionately, but with unfaltering voices. The officer appointed to conduct him to the borders of Romagna now appeared: it was time to set out. We scarcely knew what to say to each other; we grasped each other's hands and embraced again and again; he mounted into his vehicle, and disappeared; and I remained as if annihilated. I returned to my chamber, threw myself upon my knees, prayed for my poor mutilated friend, thus separated from me, and burst into tears.

I have known many excellent men, but not one more affectionately social than Maroncelli; not one better educated in all respects, more free from sudden passion or ill-humor, more deeply sensible that virtue consists in continued exercises of forbearance, of generosity, and good sense. "Heaven bless you, my dear companion in so many years of afflictions, and send you new friends, who may equal me in my affection for you, and surpass me in goodness!"

I set out the same morning for Brescia. There I took leave of my other fellow-prisoner, Andrea Tonelli. The unhappy man had just heard that he had lost his mother, and the bitterness of his grief wrung my heart. But, agonized as

my feelings were from so many different causes, I could not help laughing at the following incident: —

Upon the table of our lodging-house, I found the following theatrical announcement: "Francesca da Rimini: Opera da Musica," &c. "Whose opera is this?" I inquired of the waiter.

"I cannot tell," he replied, "who versified it, and composed the music; but it is the 'Francesca da Rimini' which everybody knows."

"Everybody! you must be wrong there. I who came from Germany,— what do I know of your Francescas?" The waiter was a young man, with a rather satirical cast of face, quite Brescian; and he looked at me with contemptuous pity. "What should you know, indeed, of our Francescas? Why, we only speak of *one* 'Francesca da Rimini,' to be sure, sir: I mean the tragedy of Signor Silvio Pellico. They have made an opera of it, — spoiling it a little, no doubt; but still it is always Pellico."

"Ah, Silvio Pellico! — I think I have heard his name. Is he not that same evil-minded conspirator who was condemned to death, and whose sentence was changed to severe imprisonment, some eight or ten years ago?"

I should never have hazarded such a jest. He looked round him, fixed his eyes on me, showed a fine set of teeth, with no amiable intention; and

I believe he would have knocked me down, if he had not heard a noise close by us.

He went away muttering, "Ill-minded conspirator, indeed!" But, before I left, he had discovered who I was. He was half beside himself; he could neither ask questions nor answer them, nor wait on anybody. He fixed his eyes continually upon me, rubbed his hands, and, addressing himself to every one near him, would say, without any meaning, "*Sior si, Sior si*" ("Yes, sir; yes, sir"); which sounded like one sneezing.

Two days afterwards, on the 9th of September, I arrived with the commissary at Milan. On approaching the city; on seeing once more the cupola of the Cathedral; on repassing through the avenue of Loreto, my accustomed and favorite walk; on recognizing the corso, the buildings, churches, and public places of every kind,—what were my mingled feelings of pleasure and regret! I felt an intense desire to remain, and embrace my beloved friends once more. I reflected with bitter grief on those whom, instead of meeting here, I had left in the horrible abode of Spielberg; on those who were wandering in strange lands; on those who were no more. I thought, too, with gratitude, of the affection shown me by the people; and with some feelings of indignation towards those who calumniated me, though

they had uniformly been the objects of my good-will and esteem.

We took up our quarters at the *Bella Venezia*. It was here I had so often been present at social meetings; here I had visited many distinguished foreigners; here a respectable, elderly Signora urged me in vain to follow her into Tuscany, — foreseeing, she said, the misfortunes that would befall me if I remained at Milan. What affecting recollections! Dear departed days, how rapid in your flight, how fraught with joy and grief!

The servants at the hotel soon discovered who I was. The report spread; and, towards evening, a number of persons stopped in the square, and looked up at the windows. One, whose name I did not know, appeared to recognize me, and, raising both his arms, made a sign of embracing me as a welcome back to Italy.

And where were the sons of Porro, — I may say, my sons? Why did I not see them there?

The commissary conducted me to the police, in order to present me to the director. What were my sensations on recognizing that building, — my first prison! How many sorrows it brought back to my recollection! I thought with pain of Melchiorre Gioja; of the rapid steps with which I had seen him pacing within his narrow cell, or sitting at his little table, recording his

noble thoughts; of his making signals to me with his handkerchief; and his look of sorrow, when forbidden longer to communicate with me. I pictured to myself his solitary grave, unknown to all who had so ardently loved him; and, while invoking peace to his gentle spirit, I wept.

Here, too, I called to mind the little dumb boy, the pathetic voice of Maddalene, my strange emotions of compassion for her, my neighbors the robbers, the pretended Louis the Seventeenth, and the poor prisoner who had carried the fatal letter, and whose cries, under the infliction of the bastinado, I thought I had heard.

These and other recollections appeared with all the vividness of some distressing dream; but, most of all, the remembrances of those two visits which my father had made me here, ten years before, when I last saw him. How the good old man had deceived himself in the expectation that I should soon rejoin him at Turin! Could he then have borne the idea of a son's ten years' captivity, and in such a prison? But, when these flattering hopes vanished, did he, and did my mother, bear up under the weight of so unexpected a calamity? Was I ever to see them again in this world? Had one, or which, of them died during the cruel interval that ensued?

Such was the suspense I was in, the distracting doubts which clung to me. I was about to

knock at the very door of my home without knowing if my parents were in existence, or what other members of my beloved family were left me.

The director of police received me in a friendly manner. He allowed me to stay at the *Bella Venezia* with the imperial commissary, though I was not permitted to communicate with any one; and, for this reason, I determined to resume my journey the following morning. I obtained an interview, however, with the Piedmontese consul, to learn, if possible, some account of my relatives. I should have called on him; but being attacked with fever, and compelled to keep my bed, I sent to beg the favor of his visiting me. He had the kindness to come immediately, and I felt truly grateful to him.

He gave me good news of my father and of my eldest brother. Respecting my mother, my other brother, and my two sisters, I could learn nothing.

Thus in part comforted, I could have wished to prolong the conversation with the consul; and he would willingly have gratified me, had not his duties called him away. After he left me, I was extremely affected; but, as had so often happened, no tears came to give me relief. The habit of long, internal grief seemed yet to prey upon my heart: to weep would have alleviated

the fever which consumed me, and relieved my distracted head of pain.

I called to Stundberger for something to drink. This good man was a serjeant of police at Vienna, and was now filling the office of valet to the commissary. But, though he was not old, I perceived that his hand trembled in giving me the drink. This circumstance reminded me of Schiller, my beloved Schiller, when, on the day of my arrival at Spielberg, I ordered him, in an imperious tone, to hand me the jug of water, and he obeyed me.

How strange it was! The recollection of this, added to all the rest, pierced the rock of my heart, and tears began to flow.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Takes leave of the commissary. — The brigadier who arrested Confalonieri. — Pellico's profound love of Italy. — He receives a letter at Novara from his father. — Arrives at Turin, and meets his father, mother, and two brothers.

ON the morning of the 10th of September, I took leave of the excellent commissary, and set out. We had been acquainted with each other only for about a month; and yet he was as friendly as if he had known me for years. His mind, fraught with feeling for the beautiful and honorable, was above all artifice; not from want of intelligence, but from that love of dignified simplicity which animates all honest men.

During our journey, I was accosted by some one, when unobserved, at a place where we stopped, who said, "Beware of that *guardian angel* of yours. If he did not belong to the wicked, they would not have put him over you."

"There you are deceived," said I: "I have the best reason to believe that you are deceived."

"The most cunning," was the reply, "can always contrive to appear the most simple."

"If it were so, we ought never to believe in the goodness of any one."

"Yes: there are certain social stations," he replied, "in which men's manners may appear to great advantage by means of education; but, as to virtue, they have none."

I could only answer, "You exaggerate, sir; you exaggerate."

"I only draw inferences," he persisted. We were here interrupted, and I called to mind the *Cave a consequentiariis** of Leibnitz.

Too many are inclined to reason according to this false and terrible logic: "I follow the standard A, which is that of justice; he follows the standard B, which is that of injustice: consequently he is a villain."

Mad logicians! whatever standard you adopt, do not reason so inhumanly. Consider, that by starting from some weak point of character, and proceeding with fierce rigor from one inference to another, it is easy for any one to come to the conclusion, that, "Beyond us four, all the rest of the world deserve to be burnt alive." And, if a more critical scrutiny be made, each of the four will cry out, "Every mortal deserves to be burnt alive, except myself."

This vulgar severity is, in the highest measure,

* "Beware of inferences."

unphilosophical. A moderate degree of suspicion may be wise; but, when urged to the extreme, it is the opposite.

After the hint thus thrown out to me respecting my *angelo custode*, I turned to study him with greater attention than I had before done; and each day more and more served to convince me of his friendly and generous nature.

When a state of society, more or less perfect, has been established, any public office, not pronounced by general consent to be infamous, — any office established to promote the public good by honorable means, and which, it were foolish to deny, has been filled by men acknowledged to be of upright mind, — may be filled by an honest man.

I have read of a Quaker who had a great horror of soldiers. He one day saw a soldier throw himself into the Thames, and save the life of a fellow-being who was drowning. "I don't care," he exclaimed: "I shall always be a Quaker; but still there are some good fellows even among soldiers."

Stundberger accompanied me to my carriage, which I entered with a brigadier of *gendarmerie*, to whose care I was intrusted. It was raining, and the cold was excessive.

"Wrap yourself up well in your cloak," said Stundberger; "cover your head better, and con-

trive to reach home without being sick: remember that a very little thing will give you a cold just now. I wish it had been in my power to go on, and attend you as far as Turin." He said this in a tone of voice so cordial and affectionate, that I could not doubt its sincerity.

"From this time, you may never have a German near you," he added. "Perhaps you will no longer hear our language spoken, — which the Italians think so harsh; and little, I dare say, will you care for that. Besides, you have suffered so greatly among the Germans, that most probably you will not be very desirous of remembering us: yet, sir, though you will soon forget my name, I shall always pray for you."

"I shall do the same for you," I replied, as I shook his hand for the last time.

Guten Morgen! gute Reise! leben sie wohl! ("Good morning! a pleasant journey! farewell!") he continued to repeat; and the sounds were as sweet to me as if they had been pronounced in my native tongue.

I am passionately attached to my own country; but I have no hatred toward any other. Civilization, wealth, power, glory, there is a diversity as regards these among different nations; but still, in all countries, there are souls obedient to the great vocation of man, — to love, to pity, and to do good.

The brigadier, by whom I was attended, in-

formed me that he was one of those who arrested Confalonieri. He told me how the unhappy man had tried to make his escape; how he had been baffled; and how he had been torn from the arms of his wife, while, at the same time, they both submitted to the calamity with dignity and resignation.

I burned with fever as I listened to this sad narrative: a hand of iron seemed to press upon my heart. The good man, who talked with an air of confiding sociability, was not aware of the horror he excited in me when I cast my eyes on those hands which had seized the person of my unfortunate friend.

He ordered luncheon at Buffalora; but I was unable to taste any thing. Many years back, when spending my time at Arluno, with the sons of Count Porro, I was accustomed to walk to Buffalora, along the banks of the Ticino. I was rejoiced to observe the noble bridge completed, the materials for which I had then beheld scattered along the Lombard shore, with the belief that the work would be abandoned. I rejoiced to cross that river, and set my foot once more on Piedmontese soil. With all my attachment to other nations, how much I prefer Italy! yet Heaven knows how much dearer to me than the name of any other Italian country is the name of Piedmont, the land of my fathers!

Opposite to Buffalora lies San Martino. Here the Lombard brigadier spoke to some Piedmontese carbineers, saluted me, and repassed the bridge.

"Take the road to Novara," I said to the Vetturino.

"Have the goodness to stay a moment," said a carbineer. I found I was not yet free; and was much vexed, being apprehensive it would retard my arrival at the long-desired home. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, a gentleman came forward, and requested to be allowed to accompany us as far as Novara. He had already missed one opportunity; there was no other conveyance than mine; and he expressed himself exceedingly grateful that I permitted him to avail himself of it.

This carbineer in disguise was very good-humored, and kept me company as far as Novara. Having reached that city, under pretence of going to an inn, he stopped at the barracks of the carbineers; and here I was told that there was a bed for me in the chamber of a brigadier, and that I must wait the arrival of further orders. Concluding that I was to proceed the next day, I went to bed; and, after chatting some time with my host the brigadier, I fell fast asleep; and it was long since I had slept so profoundly.

I awoke towards morning, rose as quickly as

possible, and found the hours to hang heavy on my hands. I took breakfast, chatted, walked about the apartment and on the terrace, cast my eye over the host's books, and finally — a visitor was announced. An officer had come to give me tidings respecting my father, and to inform me that there was a letter from him to me at Novara, which would shortly be brought me. I was exceedingly grateful to him for this act of humane courtesy. Several hours passed, which seemed to me ages, when, at last, my father's letter arrived. Oh, what joy it was to behold that handwriting once more! what joy to learn that the best of mothers was spared to me! that my two brothers were alive, and also my eldest sister! Alas! my young and gentle Marietta, who had immured herself in the convent of *La Visitazione*, and of whom I had received so strange an account while a prisoner, had been dead upwards of nine months. It was a consolation for me to believe that I owed my liberty to all those who had never ceased to love and to pray for me, and more especially to a beloved sister who had died leaving evidences of great piety. May the Almighty reward her for all the anguish her heart suffered on my account!

Days passed on; yet the permission for me to quit Novara did not arrive. On the morning of the 16th of September, the desired order at length

arrived, and all superintendence over me by the carbineers ceased. How strange it seemed! so many years had now elapsed since I had been permitted to walk unaccompanied by guards. I obtained some money, received the congratulations of some of my father's friends, and set out about three in the afternoon. The companions of my journey were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of whom was both deaf and dumb. These painters came from Rome; and I was much pleased to hear from them that they were acquainted with my friend Maroncelli; for how pleasant it is to speak of those we love, with some one who is not wholly indifferent to them!

We passed the night at Vercelli. The happy day, the 17th of September, dawned at last. We pursued our journey: how slowly we appeared to travel! it was evening when we arrived at Turin.

Who can describe my feelings of delight, when I found myself in the embraces of my father, my mother, and my two brothers? My dear sister Giuseppina was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri; but, on hearing of my felicity, she hastened to pass a few days with us to make it complete. Restored to these five beloved objects of my affection, I was, and I still am, one of the most enviable of mortals.

And now, for all my past misfortunes, and for my present happiness, as well as for all the good or evil which may be reserved for me, blessed be God who renders all men, and all things, however opposite the intentions of the actors, the wonderful instruments which he directs for the accomplishment of his Divine purposes.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1) Page 12.

Piero Maroncelli da Forli, an excellent poet and most amiable man, who had also been imprisoned from political motives. The author speaks of him at considerable length, as the companion of his sufferings in various parts of his work. — See also Introductory Notice.

(2) Page 28.

Melchiorre Gioja, a native of Placentia, was one of the most profound writers of our times, principally upon subjects of public economy. Being suspected of carrying on a secret correspondence, he was arrested in 1820, and imprisoned for a space of nine months. Among the more celebrated of his works are, Nuovo Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche, Trattato del Merito e delle Ricompense, Delle Ingiurie e dei Danni, Filosofia della Statistica, Ideologia e Esercizi Logico, Delle Manifatture, Del Divorzio, Elementi di Filosofia, Nuovo Galeteo, Qual Governo convenga all' Italia. This able writer died in the month of January, 1829.

(3) Page 31.

Maddalene. — "The unknown singer of the Litany once approached my window, and said in a low voice, 'Good evening.' I was reading; I raised my eyes, and saw a young creature, who to me appeared beautiful. Her head was in-

clined over one shoulder, her cheek was somewhat pale, and her eyes expressive and melancholy. She seemed awaiting an answer to her kind salutation. I replied with mingled sadness and pleasure, 'Oh, good evening!' and the tone of my voice was meant to express, and I am sure did express, 'And how, kind creature, were you inspired to grant me a sight of you, — the sight of a woman, a beautiful, compassionate woman?'" — *Piero Maroncelli.*

(4) Page 47.

The Count Luigi Porro was one of the most distinguished men of Milan, and remarkable for the zeal and liberality with which he promoted the cultivation of literature and the arts. Having early remarked the excellent disposition of the youthful Pellico, the count invited him to reside in his mansion, and take upon himself the education of his sons; uniformly considering him, at the same time, more in the light of a friend than of a dependant. Count Porro himself subsequently fell under the suspicions of the Austrian government, and, having betaken himself to flight, was twice condemned to death (as contumacious), — the first time under the charge of *Carbonarism*, and the second time for a pretended conspiracy. The sons of Count Porro are more than once alluded to by their friend and tutor, as the author designates himself.

(5) Page 52.

This excellent tragedy, suggested by the celebrated episode in the fifth canto of Dante's "Inferno," was received by the whole of Italy with the most marked applause, and at once raised the young author to a high station in the list of Italian poets.

(6) Page 52.

The Cavalier Giovanni Bodoni was one of the most distinguished among modern printers. Becoming admirably skilled in his art, and in the Oriental languages, acquired in the College of the Propaganda at Rome, he went to the Royal Printing Establishment at Parma, of which he took the direction in

1813, and in which he continued till the period of his death. In the list of the numerous works which he gave to the world may be mentioned the "Pater Noster Poliglotto," the "Iliad" in Greek, the "Epithalamia Exotics," and the "Manuale Tipografico."

(7) PAGE 53.

The Pretender. — "I knew a young girl at Bologna, who attended Louis the Seventeenth, as he called himself, during his illness, and to whom he confided the secret of his rank. . . . I recollect that Signor Angiolino used to say to me, after his conversations with Louis, 'I hope, that, when he is king, he will at least make me his chief porter: indeed, I have already had the frankness to ask it, and he the goodness to promise it to me.'" — *Piero Maroncelli.*

(8) PAGE 62.

The Count Bolza, of the Lake of Como, who was in the service of the Austrian government in the capacity of a commissary of police.

(9) PAGE 63.

The learning of Ugo Foscolo, and the reputation he acquired by his "Hymn upon the Tombs," his "Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis," his "Treatises" upon Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, &c., are well known in England, where he spent a considerable portion of his life, and where he died in the year 1827.

(10) PAGE 63.

The Cavalier Vincenzo Monti, one of the most celebrated of the modern poets of Italy. His stanzas on the "Death of Ugo Basville" obtained for him the title of "Dante Redivivo." His works, both in verse and prose, are numerous, and generally acknowledged to be noble models in their several styles. His tragedy of "Aristodemo" takes the lead among the most admirable specimens of the Italian drama. He died at Milan in the year 1829.

(11) Page 63.

Monsignor Lodovico di Breme, son of the Marquis of the same name, a Piedmontese, an intimate friend of the celebrated Madame de Staël, of Mons. Sismondi, &c., and a man of elevated sentiments and cultivated mind.

(12) Page 63.

Don Pietro Borsieri, son of a judge of the Court of Appeal at Milan, of which, previous to his receiving sentence of death, he was one of the state secretaries. He is the author of several literary works.

(13) Page 135.

Odoardo Briche, a young man of truly animated genius, and the most amiable disposition. He was the son of Mons. Briche, member of the Constituent Assembly in France, who, for thirty years past, had selected Milan as his adopted country.

(14) Page 155.

Pietro Borsieti, Lodovico di Breme, and Count Porro, have been already mentioned. The Count Federigo Confalonieri, of an illustrious family of Milan, a man of immense intellect, and the firmest courage, was also the most zealous promoter of popular institutions in Lombardy. The Austrian government, becoming aware of the aversion entertained by the count for the foreign yoke which pressed so heavily on his countrymen, had him seized and handed over to the special commissions, which sat in the years 1822 and 1823. By these he was condemned to severe imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg, where, during six months of each weary year, he was compelled, by the excess of his sufferings, to lie stretched upon a wretched pallet, more dead than alive.

(15) Page 156.

The Count Camillo Laderchi, a member of one of the most

distinguished families of Faenza, and formerly prefect in the ex-kingdom of Italy.

(16) PAGE 156.

Gian Domenico Romagnosi, a native of Placentia, was for some years Professor of Criminal Law in the University of Pavia. He is the author of several philosophical works, but more especially of the "Genesi del Diritto Penale" which spread his reputation both throughout and beyond Italy.

(17) PAGE 156.

The Count Giovanni Arrivabene, of Mantua, who, being in possession of considerable fortune, made an excellent use of it, both as regarded private acts of benevolence, and the maintenance of a school for mutual instruction. Having fallen under the displeasure of the government, he abandoned Italy, and, during his exile, employed himself in writing a work which must be considered interesting to all engaged in alleviating the ills of the human race. It is entitled, "Delle Società di Publica Beneficenza in Londra."

(18) PAGE 156.

The Capitano Rezia, one of the best artillery officers in the Italian army, son of Professor Rezia, the celebrated anatomist, whose preparations and specimens are to be seen in the Anatomical Museum at Pavia.

(19) PAGE 156.

The Professor Ressi, who occupied, during several years, the chair of Political Economy in the University at Pavia. He is the author of a work which bears the title of "Economia della Specie Umana." Having unfortunately attracted the suspicions of the Austrian police, he was seized, and committed to a dungeon, in which he died, about a year from the period of his arrest, and while the special examinations of the alleged conspirators were being held.

(20) PAGE 196.

Kunda. — "We were, in truth, much indebted to this good convict. There was no service in his power which he did not willingly render to us all. One day, he brought, without its being seen — or perhaps, though seen, it was suffered to pass — a huge loaf of black bread to our fellow-captive, Antonio Villa. It looked as large as a wheel. Kunda whispered, 'Hide it under the coverlet: it will last you for a week, and then you shall have another.' I recall the fact even now with dismay: in two hours, the immense black loaf had disappeared." — *Piero Maroncelli.*

(21) PAGE 198.

Schiller and the Cherries. — "Those cherries were given me by poor Kral, who almost forced me to accept them. But I could not resolve to taste the delicious fruit till I had set apart half of it for you, my dear Silvio, and persuaded Schiller to consent to take it to you. He promised, and I trusted to Schiller's promises. But he added, 'I cannot say who sent them; I will give them to him as if they were mine: that I can do.'" — *Piero Maroncelli.*

(22) PAGE 200.

Kral and Kubitski. — "Two worthy men, whom we shall never forget. They did not betray their duty; and yet with how much gentleness was it discharged! Even when it bore hardest upon us, it lost its asperity; for Kral had always a word, a gesture, or a glance of the eye, that said, 'It grieves me to do so, but I must.' And Kubitski, who had a great respect for Kral, followed his example." — *Piero Maroncelli.*

(23) PAGE 201.

The Wife of the Superintendent. — "I, too, saw this lady, pale, exhausted, stretched upon a mattress, and surrounded by her beloved children, Odoardo, Filippo, and Maria. She was sensible of her approaching dissolution; and yet, when she

looked upon those little angels, she lost her assurance of death, and it seemed to her as if a single breath of life might preserve her for ever here below.

"I should be ungrateful, were I not to speak of the mother and aunt of the superintendent. Their affection for me was a great consolation in my misfortunes" — *Piero Maroncelli.*

(24) PAGE 233.

Oroboni. — "Anxious that his dear remains should be interred with all possible decency, we commended them to Kral. He assured us, that he had himself closed the eyes of the deceased, that he had directed and assisted in the last sad offices, that he had placed a bunch of flowers on his bosom, and wrapped him in one of his own sheets; a favor not granted to other convicts. Kral's kind heart was certainly not induced to render these attentions by any hope of recompense from Oroboni's parents. He will be rewarded by the Father of all." — *Piero Maroncelli.*

(25) PAGE 247.

Schiller's god-daughter. — "We used to see her in the first year of our captivity, as we were walking on the large terrace. She was not more than twelve or thirteen years old, and used to play round the immensely tall old man with a grace and *naïveté* not easy to describe, when one remembers, that a German girl of thirteen, notwithstanding her physical development, is much younger in mind than a French or Italian of the same age. Before we left Spielberg, we learned that the god-daughter of our good Schiller was married." — *Piero Maroncelli.*

THE END.

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